

DAVIS' ANTHOLOGY
OF NEWSPAPER VERSE

FOR 1937

By

ATHIE SALE DAVIS

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DAVIS' ANTHOLOGY

OF

NEWSPAPER VERSE

For 1937

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An Annual Barometer of the Sentiment
of the American People

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Nineteenth Annual Edition

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Illustrated

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Edited by

ATHIE SALE DAVIS

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OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA
ATHIE SALE DAVIS, *Publisher*
MCMXXXVIII

FOREWORD

The poetry which appears in print in newspapers may be good, bad, or indifferent, as is true of the poetry published in other periodicals; but much good poetry is to be found in newspapers, not only in the large metropolitan dailies, but in newspapers all over the land, even in the small weekly newspapers. And this is well, for the newspaper poet reaches a vast reading public, coming to the notice of many who seldom see verse in any other publication.

Many newspapers make a practice of using a bit of verse here and there in their pages; others carry a full column, or perhaps several columns. In some newspapers these columns are a daily feature, in some they appear weekly, while in others the appearance of the poetry column is limited to once-a-month. Quite a number of these columns carry only poems reprinted from other sources. Such can not be used in the Anthology, as we have always selected poems that were original in newspapers during the current year.

Since the beginning of this Anthology in 1919, many new poetry columns have appeared. It is always a pleasure to receive a new column and to learn later that it has continued and prospered.

Reading the newspaper verse this year, it seemed that no incident or theme had been overlooked as the subject for a poem. Naturally, much poetry is written under the stress of emotion, and this is particularly true of newspaper verse. The headlines of our daily paper may tell of war, but the poet in that same paper will offer a plea for peace. If on the front page we read of some great disaster, such as the Ohio flood last spring, we may feel reasonably sure of finding poems concerning it. And not only the great events of national importance are celebrated, but the small homely tasks of everyday living are glorified by the poet; and all of such things as have stirred the heart to bring forth a poem in the past probably will continue to do so through the years to come.

The reader will find that the poems in this volume are representative of the newspaper verse of the year, and are a record of sentiments and reactions to current events.

Many of the poets who have found newspaper columns to be the logical medium for recording such sentiments and reactions have had poems included in the Anthology from time to time. There are several whose work has appeared in sixteen, seventeen or eighteen volumes. In this nineteenth annual volume I present one whose poems have appeared in every issue—Henry Polk Lowenstein, of Kansas City, Missouri. Mr. Lowenstein, we salute you!

To each friend of the Anthology, I extend my grateful appreciation for continued friendship and cooperation.

ATHIE SALE DAVIS.

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.
January, 1938.

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ARMISTICE DAY

"Endless crosses row on row,"
Tell of boys we used to know—
In the golden long ago.

They were young and they were brave,
Freely their young lives they gave,
For oblivion of the grave.

Underneath the skies of France,
Battle-scar and battle-chance,
Made of death a circumstance.

America their native land,
Saw them march to stirring band,
Saw them leave for foreign strand.

Deathless they in valor sleep,
We their memory sacred keep,
While the long years onward sweep.

The Catholic Tribune.
November 10, 1937.

Anthony F. Klinkner.

DREAMERS' HOUSE

I'm glad we live in a little house
That cuddles snug to the side of a hill
Like a chick to the wing of a mother grouse.
Though we've little to fill it, we've little to fill.

The view is as wide from a little home.
Yes, better—as windows are closer together.
If walls are cracked, we see through to the dome—
And think how much closer we are to the weather!

We're little folk all in our little home.
But there's one thing brims it and overflows
Till it seems like a sort of honeycomb:
A love that grows and GROWS.

The Altadena (Calif.) Press. *Ralph Cheyney.*
"Peeks and Peaks," December 2, 1937.

AMELIA EARHART PUTNAM

Whose airplane with herself and navigator was forced down into the ocean in the equatorial region July 9, 1937, and was never recovered.

Unconquerable mortal to do and to dare—
What has become of the Queen of the Air?
Adventuresome, eager, symbolic of Youth,
With spirit aflame in the great quest of Truth;
In circling the globe by a route still untried,
Predictions of danger her bright hopes defied;
She laughed at forebodings—her faith did not fail;
Courageously smiling, again she set sail;
For her love of flying dwarfed all other things;
It seemed the wide spaces gave her spirit wings.
Bright stars of the Southern Cross shone overhead,

As swiftly in her course the great airplane sped;
Success crowned her efforts till close to her goal,
Head winds blew adversely and took heavy toll;
Three-score naval airplanes searched long and in vain,
But she and her pilot were not seen again;
High courage, great daring and hard work have won

For this dauntless flyer "a place in the sun."
In world aviation her spirit still lives,
To those who will venture, inspiration gives,
Pale Echo, mist-shrouded, repeats everywhere;
"What has become of The Queen of the Air?"

The Altadena (Calif.) Press. Anna Maria Wirth.
"Peeks and Peaks," September 30, 1937.

LAUGHTER TO SHARE

I liked him for his laughter—
This neighbor friend of mine—
It kindly rhythms after
A jesting word or line.

His life is deeply calling
To burdens of care;
But he takes the daily mauling
With laughter to share.

The Altadena (Calif.) Press. Bert Morehouse.
"Peeks and Peaks," November 11, 1937.

SHE ORDERS A POEM

She bade me write a poem!—
At the word, the songbirds in my heart
Took flight;
One does not order poems as one orders steak—
Rare, medium or well done!
One waits alone in silence
Till the whirlwinds pass;
Then hears the still small voice—
Or in the whirlwind finds the central calm
Then, reverently listening, writes.

Dorothea Hoaglin Hayden.
The Altadena (Calif.) Press.
"Peeks and Peaks," September 9, 1937.

MEMORIAL TO A POET

A Stranger strode across the breathless air;
Yet, stranger is he not among all men:
For time, nor space, nor prayer, determine when,
(Outwitting all), this Phantom takes his flair.
So stealthily . . . with practised art and care . . .
So finally . . . he casts the die, and then,
Adroitly, with imperishable pen,
Indites the scroll . . . and sorrowed hearts despair.

O, Death, your ego is transparent sham!
As Acolyte you snuffed her candle's light:
Your boasted kingship died when by that deed
Eternal Life began for her soul's calm.
Now time, nor space, nor prayer, curtail the flight
Of golden verse she penned . . . and legacied.

*The Anniston (Ala.) Star. Edwin Coulson Clark.
November 12, 1937.*

A WISE KING PRAISES THE PERFECT MOTHER

Paraphrase, Proverbs XXXI.

Give not your strength, beloved son,
To women who destroy the kings,
Who give them wine and bid them drink,
Forgetting high and sacred things.

Behold the perfect woman, son—
Fine rubies cannot buy her soul;
Her husband puts his trust in her
And she will keep his spirit whole.
Her house is built with love and peace,
Foundations that are strong and pure.
Her servants do not fear their toil
Because her provender is sure.
Her household never suffers want,
The needy find help in her hand;
Her lamp, that goes not out by night,
Is like a beacon in the land.

Her tongue is kind, her hand is strong;
 She laugheth at the time to come
 Because the blessing of the Lord
 Has crowned her wisdom in the home.
 Her husband dares to walk with kings
 Because she leads him in high ways;
 Her sons rise up to bless her name
 And give the perfect mother praise.

The Atlanta (Ga.) Journal.
 May 8, 1937.

Helene Claiborne.

THE CONSTITUTION

9+2552 I am the Constitution!
 The men who made me were strong men,
 They had no 'party' as a separate thing.
 They held the seed of a harvest in their hands—
 The seed from which their sons should eat,
 And sow again; The future sustenance of the race.

1937 Out of honest differences and troubled hearts
 They made me; out of their fire-tried souls I came.
 I am bigger than the men who made me,
 Bigger than the day and time of my birth,
 More permanent than the lives of men.

126 It was I, not they, who said,
 "We hold these truths to be self-evident,
 That all men are created equal."
 No man, nor group of men, could say that thing—
 That was the voice of God.

1108 I am the Constitution!
 My citadel was not made with hands.
 The parchment and pen were crude implements
 Of transient fixation; visualization
 Of the ancient and eternal truth.
 The true tablet of my existence
 Is the living souls of men.

8 The false of heart may misinterpret me;
 The selfish may hide behind my shield,

And wrong, entrenched, may use me for a while;
But I am a Rock. And men of faith
May build with safety upon me.

I am the Constitution!
I am the wall which guards their treasure.
I am impregnable from without,
Only the foe within may breach me.
As long as my sons defend this truth,
"That men are endowed with certain rights
Of life, liberty, and happiness,"
I shall be the gift of God to man.
I am the Constitution!

*The Berkeley (Calif.) Gazette. William Nauns Ricks.
September 17, 1937.*

SURCEASE

I saw a star flash 'cross the sky;
It streaked a vivid line,
And then . . . a void. I sought to solve
A secret so divine.

I felt a love-dart pierce my heart;
It seared a scarlet lane . . .
And passed away . . . I wish there were
A void to surcease pain!

*The Birmingham (Ala.) News. Edwin Coulson Clark.
"Dolly's Dialogues," June, 1937.*

"RAIN IN SPAIN"

There was a song, a gay, pulse-stirring dance,
That meant cool water from a summer sky.
Now blood is rain in Spain, war's lightning lance
Discovers all that beauty doomed to die.

*Irma Wassall.
The Bonner Springs (Kans.) Chieftain.
"Golden Windows," December 2, 1937.*

FINALE

Out of a Titan emptiness
A hollow longing comes,
Like a swish of arrows through a glade,
Or surge of distant drums.

As recently as yesternight
The whole dull earth seemed new,
And glad and sparkling with strange light
That marked the trail for you.

Ah, tragic were the roles we played,
But in encoring now,
The audience calls us back to smile,
And I've forgotten how!

Rehge L. Rolle.

The Bonner Springs (Kans.) Chieftain.
"Golden Windows," July 22, 1937.

ROSES ON A WINDOW SILL

As I was walking past her door,
I glanced above that I might see
Her favorite window, opened wide,
From which she used to smile at me.

My friend was absent . . . but the sill
Bore clustered flowers that seemed aware
They served as fitting substitutes
For lovely face and gracious air.

Peopled by gentlefolk alone,
Our street was once a stately place,
Though now it knows the uncouth speech
And manners of a rougher race.

But notwithstanding beauty lost,
One old-time charm is with it still,—
The open window of her room,
A jar of roses on the sill.

Emma L. Johnston.

The Bonner Springs (Kans.) Chieftain.
"Golden Windows," September 9, 1937.

OH, ALL THE GOOD LADIES

Oh, all the good ladies who lived in the town,
They felt that they must make her see
Her husband's new scandal that everyone knew,
That everyone else knew but she.
And so they all called with their most formal air
And they told of her husband's new lure,
And she sat straight and pale and quite young in her
chair,
And said "I'm most grateful, I'm sure."
But not one more word would she say for their care,
Neither grief nor a hope for a cure.

Oh, all the good ladies who lived in the town,
They stood in the showering rain
And shed a brief tear on the newly-made grave
Of a man they'd not hear from again.
And to his young widow they fatuously said,
For comfort, "His soul was quite pure!"
And dully she answered, with words clipped and lead,
"I'm really quite grateful, I'm sure."
And then through the rain like a mad thing she fled,
With a "Thank you. I'm grateful, I'm sure."

Merle Dotson.

The Bonner Springs (Kans.) Chieftain.
"Golden Windows," September 23, 1937.

HEARTH SONG

Now with the wee loves under their cover,
Time to assemble life with my lover;
Time to make over the face of the future,
Granting each past, unfadeable suture.

Here with the bright fire warming and glowing,
Dream for the wee loves fortune's bestowing:
Triumph and fame—and grace to discover
Dream roads lead back to a hearth and a lover.

The Boston (Mass.) Post. Gladys Verville Deane.
"Pats and Pans," March 14, 1937.

THE PIPES OF PAN

Peradventure, for adventure, I will venture forth today,
Tread the shining Vale of Beauty and the Road to
Faraway.

Glorifying, satisfying, swiftly flying are the miles,
For I measure them with pleasure and I sprinkle them
with smiles.

My romancing feet go dancing, glancing where my
heart may choose,

Like a very happy fairy with a merry pair of shoes.

I am after love and laughter and my compass is a
dream,

And my riches hide in ditches where the yellow cow-
slips gleam.

Now I see the red, red robin bobbin' o'er the grass
of spring,

Now the rains of spring are falling, calling to each
sleeping thing,

Now the pipes of Pan are ringing, singing down the
woodland way.

Peradventure, for adventure, I must venture forth to-
day.

The Boston (Mass.) Post.
"All Sorts," March 14, 1937.

Myra P. Ellis.

HOUSES AND HUMANS

It was only a little, old house, dull and gray,
Its beauty and youth had long since passed away,
Forbidding of aspect, and shattered of pane,
No one would turn just to view it again,
Never a murmur of praise would it rouse,
Poor little, dull little, old gray house!

Until there came someone who carried the keys
To all of its long-hidden mysteries,
Flung open the door with a right good-will,
And glad and expectant, stepped over the sill;
And then, what a wondrous awakening was there,

For the outside was ugly, the inside was fair,
Pictures of beauty adorned every wall,
And a gold, mellow light shone over all.
Of the years that had passed there was never a trace
For a charm that was ageless pervaded the place.

There are people like that, whom we often deride,
For we judge by the ugly, repelling outside,
There may be some marvelous thoughts in the mind,
And a heartful of beauty for someone to find;
The plain face is forgotten when Love turns the key,
And the soul in its glory is all that we see!

The Boston (Mass.) Post. Bessie L. Cook.
"All Sorts," June 30, 1937.

TO A TEACHER

You've done so much, and yet, you say,
"I did not do enough today;
There's 'this' and 'that' each child must know—
How quickly hours seem to go,
When hungry minds and yearning eyes
Seek answers for each new surprise."

Is this too little for one day:
You taught a growing mind the way
To separate a right from wrong,
To learn that truth is always strong.

You helped some children, now and then,
To understand their fellowmen.
On eager lips you placed a song;
In someone's heart, a poem lives long.
Another knows ambition's wings
And earns the joy that purpose brings.
In one you kindled all the fire
For worthy aims of high desire—
All this you did and yet, you say,
"I did not do enough today."

The Boston (Mass.) Post. Pauline S. Chadwell.
"All Sorts," September 16, 1937.

BLIND MAN'S PRAYER

Oh Lord I ask Thee not for wealth,
In gilt-edged bonds or gold;
I ask Thee but to guide my health
And this white staff I hold.

If this be not a selfish meed
Oh Lord I ask this dole—
A Hand to guide that will not lead
The Blind beyond their goal.

I also ask Thee Lord to bring
My fellow men to see,
That they too grope within a ring
Of dark uncertainty.

The Boston (Mass.) Post.
"All Sorts," August 25, 1937.

James Madden.

THIS IS NOT WAR

This is not war. War has not been declared.
This is no formal notice of the fray
And diplomats have not been called away:
The feelings of the world have thus been spared.
'Tis just some foolish people who have dared
Protect their homes and to invaders say
"You are not welcome and you cannot stay."
That is the reason why the sword is bared.

And why the bombs are crashing in the street
And mangled bodies lie there in their blood
While buildings topple, while the bullets beat
A mad tattoo and flames sweep like a flood.
This is not war! Then what shall be its name,
This massacre of innocents, this shame?

The Bracken County News. Ruth Winslow Gordon.
November 11, 1937.

OF A CERTAIN OLD LADY

She passed along the road that led to home . . .
Her thin, old body tottering on lame step;
She wore no bonnet, only a worsted shawl
Over a dress of fading calico . . .
What age had silvered, moonlight silvered too,
Lighting her wind-browned cheeks, her dimming eyes.
Something about her seemed so near to change;
Something so brave, it caught at pity's ear.
One stopped her; questioned. One spoke low, and kind.
She listened, thanked them, bade them all goodnight,
Started upon the last half mile toward home.
Her shadow vanished as she closed the door.
From loneliness she wove a shining path,
Into the lives of all who passed her way.

The Brazil (Ind.) Gazette.
"Let Us Sing," January, 1937.

Elmo Russ.

NEW FREEDOM

To-day I must redecorate my mind
Crowded so full of fading pictures, stacked
Against the walls which have so long confined
The cobwebbed furniture of tawdry fact.

Tear down the curtains! Make a dusty heap!
The sun and moon of dream must shed their glow
Upon this living place—and I shall weep
With joy at freedom lost too long ago!

The Brazil (Ind.) Gazette.
"Let Us Sing," March, 1937.

Lucia Trent.

BIRTHDAY GIFT FOR A NATION

I have no son to give, America,
A teacher misses many things, I know,
But I have planted gardens in young hearts
Where peace may grow.

This gift I proudly give, America,
That I have taught youth how to live, not die,
But it is dull to spend young lives without
A battle cry.

Where my task ends today, yours must begin,
Teach them a life of peace is strong, not weak,
Give them a dream to dream, America,
A Grail to seek.

The Brazil (Ind.) Gazette. *Dorothy P. Albaugh.*
"Let Us Sing," July, 1937.

GYPSY—WHAT OF THE PATTERN?

Here shall I rest my tattered van—
Your house is warm and your kettle sings,
A drowsy comfort for weary man—
For, even the eagle furls his wings.
But what of the clear laid patteran,
Aye, gypsy, what of the patteran?

The Brazil (Ind.) Gazette. *Selma Hamann.*
"Let Us Sing," November, 1937.

AN OJIBWAY INDIAN MOTHER

She sat on the rocky lakeshore
Clasping her ragged child,
He, a frightened wild thing,
She, patient, reconciled;
Her eyes were pools of shadow,
Her dark lips never smiled.

Hold fast your baby, mother,
While winds incessantly blow;
The rocks are smooth on the shoreline,
In the waters' rhythmic flow;
Your arms are the only comfort
That he will ever know.

The Brazil (Ind.) Gazette. *Louise Leighton.*
"Let Us Sing," October, 1937.

FARM WIFE

Day after day of drab, unending toil
Had mapped her face with rugged lines of care.
In bleak content a daughter of the soil
Plodded ahead without a chance to share
The tang of life.

When finally her westering years had set
And night enfolded her with its chilly peace,
No longer were there burdens to be met;
Her tired frame had found complete release
Where all things end.

The Brazil (Ind.) Gazette. *Etta Josephean Murfey.*
"Let Us Sing," August, 1937

VICTORY

I saw Him through a vale of tears,
Before Golgotha's brow,
A surging mob of people there,
To Pilate's will they bow.

But later in the early light,
Of one fair Sabbath morn,
An empty tomb—A risen Lord,
Reveals that Hope was born.

The Brazil (Ind.) Gazette. *Carl B. Ike.*
"Let Us Sing," March, 1937.

CHANGELESS

The years must bring their change, I know,
But time can never change for me
The beauty of the dunes; the sea,
With its blue billows capped with snow.

And though the years bring grief or pain,
Joy flames like sun-spots in the shade
Where June her reddest rose has made,
Or rainbows arch the April rain.

The Brazil (Ind.) Gazette. *John Richard Moreland.*
"Let Us Sing," April, 1937.

PILLAR OF CLOUD

There were no clouds, were there not sun,
With light above on farther side;
There were no pain, were there not One
Whose pillared cloud it is to guide
Us to the Father's Home.

The sun doth set; as sure to rise!
The winter comes, as sure comes Spring!
Storm-clouds will gather in the skies
But it is ours, all thro' to sing
Of Him who holds us as His own.

No pain nor sorrow, nor e'en death
Shall loose that hold of Love Divine.
Oh, Thou who gavest us life's breath
And made us to be none but Thine,
We'll find Thee in the Great Unknown!

*The Brewton (Ala.) Standard. J. Mitchell Pilcher.
"Talking It Over," October 14, 1937.*

HEAVE HO! THE SHORE

Tuning to inner light,
The warmth of fiery issues sweeps the dusty cobwebs
of illusion.
It urges rapture of the ocean depth,
With drop on drop striking a note in harmony with
them all;
It soothes the broken waves with the repose of law;
It sounds a certainty of being and blows a rush of
fresh thought;
It pleads for gamboling lambs at play and the endur-
ance of innocence—
The hidden wistfulness of guilt.
You shall not search for answers;
They will come to you, and comfort you with arms
of understanding.
There is no bird that flies and wings so high,

Nor any patience so full of waiting;
No time perturbs the peaceful lilt of ancient mornings,
And melodies weave their garment from day to day;
Search not for comfort in the lost;
There are no lost.
There is halting only, and the lure of mystery;
The wrestling of the will is but a sleep and soon forgotten,
Sleep and a dream, and soon forgotten,
Rearranged in wisdom-robos of sylvan-sunny rest,
Where winds the pathway of the soul.
Oh, sparkling, sunny ocean,
Heave Ho! the land!
Heave Ho! I see the shore.

*The Buffalo (N. Y.) Courier-Express. Rose Noller.
July 18, 1937.*

THE YOUNG PHYSICIAN

I met the Young Physician;
He smiled as he passed me by
While ever the shade of the cross it loomed
Against Judea's sky.
How could He smile! How could He smile!
I thought on the word "deserve"—
Was it a Voice or the sweet spring breeze
That uttered the words, "We Serve."

I met the Young Physician
On the Hill that service brings
And He was singing of victory
With healing in His wings;
And Peter and Andrew and all the rest
Learned that song one day
And now the Young Physician walks
Upon the Risen Way.

The Cando (N. D.) Herald. Flora Cameron Burr.

I AM PERPLEXED

I walk,
Yet not alone
The night in star-studded sandals walks with me.

I sing,
Yet not alone
The wind in the poplar trees hums a lullaby.

I say
To the night:
"May I be your lover?"

Though hushed,
Yet comes a voice:
"May I be your lover?"

I am perplexed
Did the hills echo?
Or did the night in star-studded sandals answer me?

The Carmel (Calif.) Pine Cone. Leonard Cooper.
July 30, 1937.

DREAMS SUPERLATIVE

I drift and dream with the tides of men;
I live in dreams; in the thoughts I pen;
Where I cannot be robbed. I am happy when
They have seen the light, that along the way
They are scanned by those who have come to stay
And build their dreams of gold, and dance
To the piper's tune—his futile prance.
A dreamer—that I have always been;
I live in dreams—in the thoughts I pen;
Where I cannot be robbed—not by time or men.

The Caroline Progress. Magda Brandon.
"Musings," May 13, 1937.

MASQUERADE

Though truth outlives the masks of all disguise,
Complexity defeats the ultra-wise—
Analysis will neither spare nor free
High hopes from guile or rank uncertainty.
While memories of the mind make their demise . . .
The beauty of the heart, it never dies.
The everlasting flowers of the heart,
They do not wither, fade or age like art.
No masquerade delights where no false pride
Exists to baffle or attempts to hide—
Brave hearts have told me, they would be afraid
To pick their brides from any masquerade!

The Caroline Progress.
"Musings," February 11, 1937.

Paul Jans

TRY GIVING

If you find that life is flat,
Full of this—with none of that—
Try giving!

Introspection makes it flatter,
A few more years—what will it matter?
Try giving!

If all the world is dark and bitter,
Things all tend to make a quitter,
Try giving!

Forget yourself in helping others,
Know that all men are your brothers,
Try giving!

You will then see life is sweeter
Than you thought, and far completer—
When giving!

The Caroline Progress.
"Musings," March 4, 1937.

Margaret Kuhlmann.

RESURRECTION

The icy crystal coats beguile
With warmth through winter weather.
The stalwart oak tree sleeps awhile,
But Spring comes on forever.

The Caroline Progress. *Lily Lawrence Bow.*
"Musings," March 18, 1937.

PANDORA

If life were to rob me
And leave me agrope,
I could yet—even then
Rise and struggle again;
If life were to rob me
Of all, except Hope.

The Caroline Progress. *Edgar H. Ryniker.*
"Musings," February 11, 1937.

MOONLIGHT ON THE DESERT

The desert is a cruel grasping thing,
It brings each wanderer within its power;
Its beating sunlight, and its scorpion's sting
Makes bitter every passing daylight hour.
Each human, living there beneath its sun
Is slave of passion, driven by desire,
And many are the deeds, from sun to sun
Inspired by stress of greed, or passion's fire.

But with the night comes peace and quiet rest,
The moonlight brings a sense of ecstasy,
The stars an inspiration of the best
That life can mean throughout eternity.
So moonlight on the desert means deep peace
And joy of living that brings soul-release.

The Caroline Progress. *Olive Scott Stainsby.*
"Musings," March 18, 1937.

WORDS FOR THE WIND

These are the things one cannot surely speak
Breaking of day on mountain or grey sea;
One star dropped silver, to a young pine tree;
Or, our hearts, at near distance, vast and bleak . . .
Although a hearth fire blaze within the room,
And books and drink and food are on the board,—
Unseen, impassable the gulf to ford;
The flowers that bud but never comes to bloom.

These things we shall remember silently,—
Eyes' message to the eyes, no sound may break;
Young clover fields where April breeze has thinned
Bright fragrance to a tossing, rose-waved sea . . .
The first songs that a baby's voice would make . . .
No one may speak! These words are for the wind!

The Caroline Progress.

Francis M. Lipp.

"Musings," August 5, 1937.

SOMBER EYES

One night while walking through a room—one filled with furniture and gloom, I bumped into a rocking chair and sent it skidding through the air. I'm not so very good on scent and did not know which way it went, but soon my shins were racked with pain—I'd bumped that same danged chair again. I stooped to rub my battered toes when up the smoking stand arose and smote me sorely hip and thigh and rammed the matchbox in my eye. Now that is how it come, by whack I wear an eye that's mostly black. Old friends I meet upon the street cast sidelong glances indiscreet, and some who seldom crack a smile gaze on my eye and laugh the while. They seem quite satisfied my wife gave me that eye in deadly strife. They say oh yeah, but still insist she did it with her dainty fist. We used to scrap a bit, it's true—the same as you and you and you, but for the past ten years or so have not displayed affections so. When e'er you slither on the scene with tinted eyes—red, blue or green—no matter

how you got that eye you can't explain, no use to try.
Your dearest friends will stand and laugh and wish
they had your photograph.

J. Christy MacManus.

The Casper (Wyo.) Tribune-Herald.

"Rolling Stones," October 17, 1937.

MOTHER, MARY

The Son of God was given us
To show the world the way
That each of us must walk alone
From dawn to close of day.

His mother, Mary, virgin maid,
Was chosen for her grace
Of soul and lowly life,
To prove to all the race

The spirit's needs are far above
The things that coin will buy,
The poorest folks may be the ones
Exalted, when they die.

Our mother, Mary, spent her life
In humble poverty,
She saw her little Son grow up
As poor as poor could be.

She watched Him grow to thirty-three
In gifts of soul and mind,
And saw Him nailed upon a tree
To die for all mankind.

What greater gift could woman give
Than this, her only son?
Her mother love shows us the way
A heavenly crown is won.

The Catholic Observer.
May, 1937.

Marie Tello Phillips.

ADVENTURE

Shod with winged sandals,
Crowned with magic sight;
Seeking new adventure
In this glorious night.

Open is my window,
Midnight is the hour;
Drugged by some alluring
Jasmine-scented flower.

Unseen hands now lead me,
Over earthly bars;
Climbing, ever climbing
Stairways made of stars.

In this eerie nowhere,
I have found my land;
If you, too, are moon-mad,
You will understand.

The Charleston (S. C.) Post.
"Choir Practice."

Mina Shafer.

DEFEAT

My lips curve hungrily around your name
In some unguarded reverie that trips
Them into swift betrayal. How to tame
My lips?

I discipline them with outrageous quips
And brittle sophistries that win acclaim.
What though my words may fall like writhing whips?

Love never was a gentle sort of game!
Yet, through this maze of splintered ice, there slips
A syllable that quickens into flame
My lips!

Sylvia Gardiner Lufburrow.
The Charleston (S. C.) Post.
"Choir Practice," November 12, 1937.

FEVER

I am a flame red as a dragon's tongue,
Gorging the clock-face; in the burning maw
I crush the dial but cannot still for long
The throbbing beat, though I am bruised and raw.

I loose my breath, a hissing asp, and yet
Ceaseless as time, the hydra-headed clock
Thuds on my brain-cap; though I bathe in sweat
I ever hear the sibilant tick-tock.

In the thick jungle night, the tom-toms boom,
And black souls shrink from the mad monotone,
As I wince to the racing pendulum,
Which threshes back and forth for me alone.

Though a great jinn bring gifts and services,
He cannot still the tumult in my breast;
Let magic try its arts, there is no peace,
For the clock is my heart and will not rest.

The Charleston (S. C.) Post. *Alex R. Schmidt.*
"Choir Practice," October 8, 1937.

SUNSET SCENE

A lone boatman sits and seeks
His food from nature's store,
His little group like hungry birds,
Race on the nearby shore.

A mocking bird upon a bough,
Fills twilight with its song,
For bird and boatman breath is sweet,
And life not over long.

The wind dies down, the waters move
In silence to the sea.
And darkness drops in gentle folds,
Like mist upon the lea.

The Charleston (S. C.) Post. *Maude Waddell.*
"Choir Practice."

RECOMPENSE

He wanted the moon as a silver piece
To place on the bier of a conquered day,
A memory coin to buy him surcease
To a hungry yearn for the milky way.
He wanted the stars as feathers on wings
With which to pursue the vanishing joys,
The fragile delights, the little gay things
That bubble and burst like an infant's toys.

He wanted the mist for a silken quilt
To cover his dreams that were turning cold,
And wanted the sky for the hopes he built
When he searched in vain for the rainbow's gold.
But he failed in these, and he found instead
The easement that comes with a sweat-earned bread.

The Charleston (S. C.) Post.
"Choir Practice."

Jack Greenberg.

THE ABANDONED HOUSE

This house is empty; those who loved it gone
Never to cross its corridors again,
Tell of its grief and laughter—dawn to dawn—
As seasons pass. Moonlight alone will stain
Its mossy shingles; through a broken shutter,
Pour out its silver on the well-worn floor;
Through rifted timbers noisy winds will mutter,
Telling how pride will lift its head no more.
Each dawn will cry its advent, but none wake;
Morning fling wide its gold among the flowers;
Noon pass on sandaled feet, nor pause to take
One long, last look: Only day's fading hours
Will darken around it with a kind caress
And hold it close, solace its loneliness.

The Charleston (S. C.) Post. *Mary Pollard Tynes.*
"Choir Practice," December, 1937.

EXIT SUMMER

A gray and dismal sky looks down
On shrivelled zinnias piled in heaps
Lit by the funeral torch. The brown
Stems crackle as the red flame leaps.
Frost-bitten marigolds hang low
Their heads, like young girls who have stayed
At Cinderella's ball, and go
Reluctantly and half dismayed.

The maple trees down in the park
Are dropping gold and crimson leaves:
Beyond, the circling hills grow dark.
The flaming bitter-sweet vine cleaves
Along the hedge, barberries fall
Like fiery rain as cold wind sweeps
The path, beneath the twilight pall.
The sky looks down, and weeps.

Anne Southerne Tardy.

The Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.

"Charmed Circle," October 17, 1937.

YESTERDAY'S SONG

Along the coast of Monterey
The waves re-echo melodies
That waken once again
The men who knew the seas;

These sturdy men who roamed
The golden fallow fields;
The smiling señoritas—
Who knew the spell that yields

Us romance from other years.
All these are left for one who hears
The song of a golden yesterday—
The magic coast of Monterey.

Margaret Scott Copeland.

The Charleston (S. C.) Post.

"Choir Practice," October 8, 1937.

THOUGHTS AS COMPENSATION

My soul burns incense to the weird
Strange gods of other days;
I long to wear the mystic shades
Of ancient modes and ways.

Alas. The Powers That Be decreed
That I should want in vain;
And so outside, I will remain
The plainest of the plain.

But deep within my heart you'll find
The shades of strangest dyes;
And inwardly my thoughts shall rise
As incense to the skies.

And so in dreams my colors glow,
And glowing, must suffice;
Perhaps my incense is the best—
I'll ask no more of life.

The Charleston (S. C.) Post. *James Neill North*
"Choir Practice."

DEPENDENCE

Too close they stand—each towering tree.
Whose very nearness must divest
Their outward reach of symmetry,
For one spreads east—one west.

Your going then, is for my sake?
You leave this pang I—who have known
But borrowed strength from you—must make
A finer growth . . . alone.

Mary Laidley Rudasill.
The Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.
"Charmed Circle," November 6, 1937.

RED FOX TRAPPED

I warned you when I heard the dogs
Bugle their blood-cries here
But they lost your scent in the cattail bogs
And you crossed this thicket clear.

I told you they would come racing back
But the husking season came
And the busy master of that pack
Had other thoughts than game.

These sharp eyed ones who always deal
With the signs your four feet write
Have queer bone-crushers with jaws of steel
That are buried in leaves at night.

You had dreamed so much of the yelping hounds
That you failed to see this thing
Waiting for you on your midnight rounds
With its chain and its trigger spring.

I shiver to think of you at bay
With a mad horde snarling close,
But better a fox find death that way
Than the way this sly foe chose.

The Chicago (Ill.) Tribune. Jay G. Sigmund.
"A Line O' Type or Two," January 11, 1937.

FRIENDSHIP

When friends
Prove false to me,
I feel that I have failed
Somehow in my own loyalty
To them.

The Chicago (Ill.) Tribune. Gernie Hunter.
"A Line O' Type or Two," November 27, 1937.

LITTLE LAD

Laughing little colored lad
Playing in a lot,
Hard of soil and dusty,
Where the grass grows not;

Yours is but a shapeless ball
And a broken bat—
Joy and zest are part of you,
In spite of all that.

Ah, may these be strong enough
To constitute a shield
When you meet life's barriers,
Out across the field.

The Chicago (Ill.) Tribune. *Fan C. Smith.*
"A Line O' Type or Two," June 8, 1937.

REMEMBER THE NIGHT?

Remember the night in London
When Big Ben was tolling the hour,
How we stood in Westminster's shadow
And gazed at Parliament Tower?

Remember that night in Paris
When we walked through the old Montmartre.
Decidedly lost, but happy,
Guided by a moon and one star?

Remember the night in New York
When we stood looking out o'er the sea
Feeling so gloriously thankful
To be back in the land of the free?

Remember the night in Chicago
When at last we had ceased to roam,
How we laughed as we said it together,
"Gee, but it's great to be home!"

The Chicago (Ill.) Tribune. *Milly Walton.*
"Wake of the News," December 7, 1937.

SPEECH WITHOUT VOICE

You're a brave guy,—I know it,
I've seen you play football.
But don't let them fool you with armories draped,
an' clappin' for speeches by fat guys, by rich blokes
too wheezy to get by in any man's army,
an' some of 'em dumber than you are about
who's fightin', and why. That's God's truth,
an' you'd better be learnin' it now, while there's
time.

You're a good guy. But, listen,—
get wise to yourself before it's too late.
Don't wait, the way I did, for shrapnel to spatter
your brains in one county an' you in the next
before you find out what you had in your head.
For, one shell timed just right, and your skull's
emptied out
like a three-minute egg, after breakfast is over,
with nothin' inside for the chickens to pick.

Yes, I know what they'll do,—they did it to me.
They'll dress you up, hand you a shiny, new gun,
teach you one or two tricks, turn you loose
with the rest of the outfit,—maybe some, like your-
self,
fresh colts from the farm. An' you'll grin an' feel
swell
when the girls flock to see you march by on parade.
But hell,—you'll find out soon enough
that don't mean a damn thing—when you're dead.

Wait a minute,—no need to get mad.
Anger stalls the whole works. I'm a ghost.
See, I'm dead, and this cross marks the spot
where they buried my remnants. But, say,
if I told, an' you listened until I was through,
all I've learned about war since the last,
you would never believe what I told you was true,—
you'd be thinkin' me jealous of chances you've had.
But the dead learn a lot about livin'
they don't teach in college. Oh, well,—

what's the use. If you'll learn just one way,
I'll be seein' you, . . . soon.

*The Chickasha (Okla.) Express. C. Greenlaw Flint.
November 11, 1937.*

LOST SONG

I lost it in the furrow of the farmer's fallow lot,
The while my eyes were dazzled by leagues of open
sky;
I lost it in a furrow's length—how shall I find the spot
Where once the song escaped me and I passed unheed-
ing by?

Can it be lying fallow still in that unharrowed field,
Gathering the promise of all a year can hold?
Full well I know the season's round will bring a certain
yield
And even the least song let fall may ripen into gold!

*Dorothy Randolph Byard.
The Christian Science Monitor.
August 20, 1937.*

HIT THE TRAIL

Get yourself a trailer,
Take the open road,
Know the thrill of living
In a new abode.

Change the scenery daily,
And the neighbors, too,
Wouldn't that be lovely?
I am asking you.

Throw away the shovel,
Slam the furnace door,
Let not worry rankle,
If they're seen no more.

Let the bill collectors
Stand and ring the bell;
Pesky agents find new
Customers to sell.

Leave your cares behind you,
Trailerites are free,
'Tis the life of Reilly,
Ah, you're telling me!

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star. *Ann Wilcox.*

REFUGEE

Lost my horse, lost my cow,
Lost my wagon, lost my plow,
Lost the dog, lost the cat,
Don't know 'zactly where they's at.
Lost my hens what uster lay—
Just went floatin' off away,
Perched upon the hen house roof.
Yes, sir, Mister, that's the truf;
All gone travelin' in the flood,
Left me nothin' here but mud!
Come in, Mister, see my shack.
Yestidy we moved her back
Plump right where she uster be.
Now we're cleanin' out, you see.
'Taint so bad, somehow or tother,
Cause, you see, we got each other,
Bud and Sis and Bill and mother,
Mandy Lou and little brother,
Diggin' in to dig us out;
Got it done now, just about.
All the worst and best they is
Come out when the Old Crick riz.
Everybody worked right smart,
Hustlin' hard to do his part;
That's how come that I can smile—
Try it out yourself awhile.

Viola E. O'Donnell.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

OLD MAN RIVER

Old Man River, the same refrain,
Roaring and pouring you roll to the sea,
Your harp chords, the silver strings of the rain,
Are touched in a blasphemous threnody.

Old Man River of "Eighty-Four,"
The same old stream with destruction obsessed;
Pray stay your ambitious climb to our door,
Where is the heart in your old yellow breast?

Faces you saw in yesteryear
Have long ago vanished, yet you can see
In the faces today, the same stark fear—
Please temper your humor with sympathy.

Where is your triumph; where your goal,
What do you seek in your pitiless quest?
Where is your conscience, old man, and your soul,
Have you no heart in your old yellow breast?

J. W. Whitehouse.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

ULTIMA

This is the real adventure,
This the marvelous dare;
Hammer and saw and hammer
Loud on the waves of air.

The Arctic waits the explorer,
The jungle is ages old;
Here rises a home that never was,
Against the heat and the cold.

Heaven or hell was builded
Thus since the dream began—
The ultimate great adventure,
Homes by the hands of man!

Annette Patton Cornell.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

OBSEQUIY

Oh let me bury my dead alone,
Nor flowers, nor tapers at his head,
Nor hollow words on graven stone;
I carry them in my heart instead.

Nor flowers, nor tapers at his head,
He would not wish them—that I know;
I carry them in my heart instead,
Never to wilt, ever to glow.

He would not wish them, that I know,
What use flowers, tapers, stone?
I carry them in my heart instead,
Oh let me bury my dead alone.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star. Jessie Farnham.

FEAR

Fear came out of her doorway
And looked to the East and the West,
And pulled her tattered kimono
Over her shriveled breast.

Fear came out of her doorway,
And there in the yard was I,
Hanging my snowy linens
Under the April sky.

I felt her shadow upon me
And the warm sweet air grew chilled,
And then for a terrible moment
It seemed that my heart was stilled.

But I never once ceased my toiling,
And I never once turned my head,
Till I knew by her dying footsteps
That Fear, like a coward, had fled.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star. Gertrude Goebel.

AMELIA

She will outwit you, Death! Not all your skill
However various, shall contrive to bind
That buoyant spirit, though her couch be twined
Silken with seaweed, and the long waves frill
With fragile lace her pillow. Set your will:
Look on her darkly: rivet your house, designed
Of malice, and mean content, and barb unkind . . .
She will outwit you! Having slept her fill,

With dreams of new projects (and golden-fair!)
She will half-rouse, and with you looking on,
Stumble erect and smiling, thrust thin hands
Through turbulent locks. . . Across the glimmering
sands,
Unseeing, she will pass you, and unaware
Leave you bewildered in the contemptuous Dawn.

Norma Jean Bunting.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

QUIET ROADS

Oh, I have walked the quiet roads
Up and down the world;
And I have searched both near and far
For beauty God unfurled.

And while I watched the crowds go by
Gay and pleasure bent,
I built a fire and cooked a meal
And found sweet heart's content.

For you were there to share with me
All life's joy and care;
Oh, quiet roads are best by far
When love walks with you there.

Katherine Hunter Coe.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

ILLUSION

When the manor house of the oriole bends to the indolent breeze,
And the hours are timed by arrogant suns and a tolerant, Tyrian moon,
When there's green fire in the thicket and the crow is standing picket
Over cornfields lost in slumber under blue felicities
Of an all-bestowing, undemanding August afternoon,
When on the placable hillsides the furrows are heaped with hay,
Then the mendicant months and grasshopper years seem quite far away.

Clark B. Firestone.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

SATAN SHELL-SHOCKED

I

Prince Satan heard the news and brought his Lords to view Man's latest war;
Astonished for a day—at length he spoke: "Behold, we see here more
Of most ingenious, heartless wickedness than all our hell contains;
This sight makes plain we demons have but scant inventions in our brains.
We're antiquated, in a rut, effete, in our old place of fire,
And we must soon improve our worn-out modes or speedily retire.
Beside these clever human folk our ancient kingdom is a mob;
We should in villainy surpass these earthlings or they will get our job.
Compared with man's, we offer but a paltry, meager, simple berth,
And should beware lest sinners soon be doomed and damned to stay on Earth.

II

"Comrades, you cry out and intercede for men, declare
that I condemn

The good in this mad world with ill, that fearful
sights just judgments overwhelm,

That I am shaken and amazed is true;

Who can be sane with this ghastly scene in view?

I know this world has noble people fit for Heaven,

But today the wicked overcome their leaven;

The best are silent, weak,

And go their ways, bullied and cowed, afraid to speak

And act, since madmen seized the tools of power and
armed,

Changed wise inventions to evils by which all are
harmed.

Men make just laws and see them broke

By upstarts, demagogues, bravos, at a stroke;

These make a chaos of their world,

And all alike to ruin are hurled.

There have been wars most necessary, just:

True men have fought because they must

To defend the right, protect their lands, their families,
homes,

When the ruffian and marauder roams.

There is applause in hell for those who fight,

Give life and all for what is right;

But now we know these guns thunder

Alone for scoundrel leaders' glory and plunder—

Incarnate wickedness that makes the devil wonder.

Men lock in prisons, justly, those who break the laws;

And this must be and ever was.

But in those cells, on gallows, are rascals innocent—

Though rightly prisoned, hanged, for bad lives spent—

Compared with wretches guilty of this slaughter

With tears as rain and blood as water.

Who seek but gain and selfish fame, and rob their
neighbor,

While multitudes are slain or for their masters labor.

Robbers they are who pillage and hide their thefts by
lies,

Claiming they raid their neighbors' lands in order to
civilize.

They are wild boars rooting with their tusks in a
garden,
With hypocrisy—a vice that neither God nor fiends can
pardon.
These blackguards dwell in palaces, while victims sleep
In hovels. It is enough to make the Devil weep.
“We lifted swords against the Almighty’s hosts—and
lost—
As outcasts we have paid the dreadful cost,
To tend the Eternal’s purging fires
Until our exile’s term expires;
But we have never stooped to wrongs like these,
Or filled a planet with such agonies.
Here the once-clean and cleansing, now man polluted,
sea by which mankind is girt,
Is casting from its lowest depths its vilest and most
loathsome dirt,
Hatreds, murders, robberies and lies,
Its infamies of infamies,
Until the planet reeks with stench and poisoned air,
And Death does threaten all that’s best and noblest
everywhere.
Pity has fled to realms above
From this wild world where Prophets and Christ
taught love.”

As thus Prince Satan spoke, he for the moment seemed
Again Archangel, and relics of his primal beauty
gleamed
In face and form, as before he drew his sword
And led rebellion against his Lord.
But quickly now his aspect changed
As over the field of battle his eyes once more ranged.
A snarl came in his voice, upon his face a sneer,
Though on his cheek there rolled a tear.
But he resumed his wrathful vein
And hurled out bitter words again.

III

“We’ve always fed our fires alone for rogues, the vilest
and the worst,
The miscreants who have been by God and man de-
servedly accurst;

They slander us who say we have small harmless babies
in our Pit,
While we well know such infamy does not upon our
conscience sit.
We've had our scruples and our rules, regard for
treaties, word, O well—
Ill as our reputation is, we've kept a gentlemanly Hell.
But now, it's plain we'll have to do as mankind does,
or else our place
Will fall in callous hands of this ferocious human race;
For here we see these monstrous fiends are using all their
skill and power
To aim their guns and bombs to devastate whole cities
in an hour,
To slaughter children, women wantonly, as well as
unarmed men,
And change a paradise of homes to jungle and a wild-
beast den,
We've been too good and kind—and to the Highest
Court may go complaints
That we're not bad enough—may even yet be canon-
ized as saints."

So busily they made full notes of all details they heard
and saw,
And vowed that henceforth earthly ways should be
their model, sacred law.
And when they went Below again, Prince Satan sat
enthroned in state,
With councillors, and wrought to match his Hell with
human war's dread fate.

Calvin Dill Wilson.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.
November 11, 1937.

AUTUMN OVERTONES

The bloom is on the grasses,
The seed is in the pod,
And every wind that passes
Is as the breath of God
Breathing a deep awareness
Into the sentient clod.

A brown leaf slips its tether,
Adventurous descent
Through iridescent weather!
Held in a vast content,
The universe lies dreaming,
Serenely somnolent.

The air is filled with wonder
Above the quiet earth,
With planetary thunder
And interstellar mirth;
The symphony of dying
The overture to birth.

Minnie Markham Kerr.

The Cleveland (Ohio) Plain Dealer.

"Philosopher of Folly," September 20, 1937.

TO A PRAYER RUG

Five thousand prayers have warmed your velvet sheen,
Deepened the rose and softened golden tints,
Until, as now, you hang where sunlight glints
Enhancing every detail, scalpel-keen.
Five thousand times he rolled you out and knelt
To pray to Allah, his own God most high,
And you, responsive, yielding, saw time fly,
As he, in meditation, comfort felt.

How close a friend a prayer rug seems to be,
How filled with hope and love and ease from pain;
How solacing its beauty, silently
Enduring all the years bring in their train.
How many secrets you must have to tell—
But lost in mystic rapture, all is well.

Alice Craig Redhead.

The Cleveland (Ohio) Plain Dealer.

"Philosopher of Folly," September 27, 1937.

RURAL

I love the glamour of the dusk
Lit with a country afterglow,
With meadow scent of fresh hay's musk
When whispering winds of twilight blow
Across long acres newly cut;
You say you like the city best—
Bright lights are very lovely, but
I like the first star in the west,
And tall, dark trees that point to God;
And crickets singing in the grass,
The fresh dew on the pasture sod,
And peace of shadows where I pass.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Mildred Schanck.
"Verse for Today," July 10, 1937.

SILENCE

Silence
Is a soft cloak
That we don gratefully
When day is done, and we are tired
Of noise.

The Columbus (Ohio) Citizen. Martha Bolton Agler.
"Poets' Corner," May, 1937.

LOVE

Love gives that hungry ones may eat . . .
Love will put shoes on naked feet;
Love meets every urgent need
Will never fail in words or deed.
And He who watches over all
Who even notes each sparrow's fall,
Will whisper softly as He sees,
"Inasmuch . . . Unto the least of these."

The Columbus (Ohio) Citizen. Ethel Titus Worthen.
September 18, 1937.



A STORY-TELLER TO A LITTLE CHILD

(Illustrated by Peg Gruver)

Out of a story I spin a thread
 To piece the fabric of a lonely day—
 I give you courage born of noble knights
 Who war for right—I give you love
 For all the tiny things there are,
 The evening star, a honey-bee that spreads
 A sweetened gospel to the world, I give you
 Labor and all joy in its fulfillment.
 I give you beauty as a measuring-rod
 For all your days—you shall be brave
 And constant as the pale young evening star
 That hangs above the night-winds shall speak
 Their language and you shall understand!

Hazel Shinn Krumm.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.

CORONATION

A world-great nation's hour supreme,
The crowning of a new claimed king!
While poets chant and princes dream,
And patriotic peasants sing,
One quiet man, by fate acclaimed
A nation's king, will vow to be
When ruler of all England named,
Worthy of his sovereignty!

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Mildred Schanck.
May 12, 1937.

PREPAREDNESS

This moment bears sweet recompense;
So let her hold it close and keep
Still watch, and build her own defense
Against the hour when hearts will weep
For youth;
When man will madden man with fear
Instilled with ceremonious hate;
Let her be calm; eyes, blind, may peer
In vain through horror; search too late
For Truth!

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Jean Comeans Long.
"Rhyme and Meter," November 4, 1937.

CLOAK

I walked in the rain today
With your love about me,
A cloak to keep me warm.
Others may hug their coats about them,
And keep restraining hands on errant hats,
But I—
I walked in the rain today
With your love about me,
A cloak to keep me warm.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Stella R. Jenks.
"Verse for Today," March 31, 1937.

MOTHER

There is within her understanding mind
A place for every unit in the home;
She remembers them . . . and her thoughts are kind—
And too, she humbly prays, if they should roam
From rectitude, she asks her Lord to bring
Them safely back in answer to her prayer.
Through trials of every kind she tries to sing,
And when perplexed she casts on Him her care.

And while the clock's old faithful hands toil on
She grants her loving service for each one;
Rises with prudence in the gilded dawn,
And labors until everything is done
To give them peace and joy for tears and pain,
And yokes love-thoughts into an endless chain.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Mary Rutan Byerly.
"Verse for Today," May 8, 1937.

BEFORE A PICTURE OF THE CHRIST

I learned the depths
A human heart can know—
Injustice, loneliness,
Betrayal. Still
He chose to pay that price,
He loved us so;
We find new strength
In saying: Lord, Thy will . . .

I learned the heights
Of courage gained by prayer;
To carry heavy crosses
Patiently;
The selflessness of love;
While lingering there
Before Christ, kneeling
In Gethsemane.

The Columbus (Ohio) Citizen. Hilda Brooks Green.

SOCIETY NOTE

Miss Dorothy Perkins, a rose of renown,
Is making her annual visit in town;
Her friends are so many she hardly knows whom
To choose for a hostess and ask for a room.

And so, to escape being rudely invidious,
She lodges in places all bare, perhaps hideous—
A trellis, perhaps, or an unpainted fence,
Climbing high to adorn with her fair innocence.

Perched there, she gives greeting to all who may pass,
Her gown a bright green like the hue of the grass,
And her round, merry face, mildly blushing in pink,
Half hiding, it seems, a benevolent wink.

So, here's to Miss Dorothy, smiling and gay,
And here's to the rain that has lengthened her stay,
And kept in perfection her radiant features
To cheer the earth's selfish and quarrelsome creatures.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. *Osman C. Hooper.*

WHAT OF THE YEARS?

(Armistice Day)

What of the years, ye Legionnaires,
Since the days of Saint-Mihiel?
Since Belleau Wood and Montfaucon,
And Firey's ring of steel?
What of the years since the Meuse ran red
With battle and with flame,
And Cantigny and Vimy's Ridge
Challenged the despot's shame?

What of the years? Have you kept the faith
Of the valley and the height,
Where ye fronted death with dauntless breath?
For honor and for right?
Gone are the roaring miles of streets
And the fluttering flags o'erhead,
But what of the faith . . . the final faith
Ye pledged to the martyred dead?

What of the years, ye Legionnaires?
Do the memories that hurt
Come back again with the ruffled drums
And the gleam of a khaki shirt?
Does the cry of the bugles stir your dreams
Again with its wakening breath?
Have the long years tamed the fires that flamed
On Flanders' fields of death?

* * *

The songs are ended, the deeds are done,
And the thronging rites are o'er;
But out of the wastes of No-Man's-Land,
They are fronting the foe once more.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Frank Grubbs.

TEARS

Cease falling, O cease falling, idle tears,
You cannot wash away my pain nor bring back my
lost years.
You cannot quench this aching fire
Nor by your flood wash out desire.
You cannot alter what is known as truth.
You cannot soften age nor conquer youth.
You can't undo the word once it is said,
And all earth's tears cannot return the dead.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Grace Phillips.
"Verse for Today," January 15, 1937.

GRIST FOR THE MILL

Into the sunset marching along;
Facing the future, singing his song;
Carefree and hearty, prince at his play
Man of tomorrow—but youth of today.

M. Starret Wetzel.
The Community News (Conneaut, O.)
"The Wail Bag," September 3, 1937.

TOMORROW

Tomorrow I will race
The swiftly-blowing gale,
And feel the biting spray
Against my face.

Tonight I want the harbor of your arms;
Your love—a beacon clear—
To guide me through the black
Night's storms.

Esther Weakley.

The Community News (Conneaut, O.).

"The Wail Bag," August 27, 1937.

WHEN WE ARE SIXTY-FIVE

We're being taxed at one per cent, it's taken from our
pay,
And later will be tripled, 'tis meant for a "rainy day".
For every cent they take from us, the firm must put in
double,
And auditors are getting gray with all the extra trouble.
And everybody's catalogued, with birth and pedigree,
To bring about conditions that will spell Security.

There's weekly figures for each one, no matter what
your age,
There's benefits of divers kinds determined by your
wage;
You see, if you're now twenty, and get fifty bucks a
week,
(Although it isn't likely you have reached so high a
peak.)
They'll give you eighteen forty-six each week, when
sixty-five,
Upon which tidy sum to live, I'm sure one could con-
trive.

At forty-five, and twenty per, you'll get six eighty-
eight,
Which really will be difficult to keep your budget
straight.

But—you won't get over eighty-five per month nor
less than ten,
And you must earn two thousand bucks in five years,
now and then,
No matter how much work you've done or what you
plan to do,
You can't collect a single cent till nineteen forty-two.

And only then if sixty-five, and not too shy to own it,
Will you receive your benefit to spend it or to loan it.
But if you keep on working till you're ninety-eight or
more,
You can't receive the benefit; it will be held in store.
This plan may prove quite simple, and if it, and we,
survive,
We'll all be socially secure when we are sixty-five.

The Cumberland (Md.) News. Sara Roberta Getty.

DON'T COMPLAIN

Whenever you are lonely
And sort o' feeling blue
And somewhat feel forsaken
And feel folks don't love you,

You look at those about you
Some aged, some frail and lame,
Perhaps their load is heavy
But still they don't complain.

If you are well and happy
Have friends that are kind and true
You shouldn't feel forsaken
And think folks don't love you.

You treat your neighbors kindly
And meet folks with a smile
And you'll have friends a-plenty
While traveling the last mile.

The Dallas (Texas) Journal. Cecil Brown.
Oak Cliff Edition. "Parade of Events, Sept. 10, 1937.

HORSEMEN

The horsemen of pestilence,
Of fire and death,
Shall ride as long as war
Blows its foul breath.

The horsemen of bigotry,
Of ignorance and of greed,
Shall ride until people
Stop arguing about creed.

The Dallas (Texas) Journal. William Allen Ward.
Oak Cliff Edition.

LETTERS

To mail a letter is a simple thing
And yet how many letters really bring
A note of hope or cheer to those they reach,
To those whom we so seldom offer speech?
A letter can be thoughtless and unkind
And to its cruel results we may be blind.
A quarrel by letter is a tragedy;
Misunderstanding has no guarantee
That time will always quite obliterate
Misguided words—sometimes it is too late.

The Dallas (Texas) Journal. Gertrude Grymes Smith.
Oak Cliff Edition. "Parade of Events," Aug. 3, 1937.

BOUNDARIES

My neighbor's garden is her own,
And yet, it's partly mine;
For through the hedge sweet perfumes blow
And mauve wisterias vine.

I hope I am an honest soul,
But this I do not know—
Do flowers belong to only those
Within whose yard they grow?

My neighbor's garden is her own;
She tends each plant with care;
Yet, gardens are a gift from God—
And should their beauty share.

*The Dallas (Texas) Journal. Minnie Roberts Dreesen.
Oak Cliff Edition. "Parade of Events," Nov. 19, 1937.*

TO A LITTLE BLACK DOG

Your mischievous little eyes
Are like two shiny buttons.
Yes, I whipped you
When you tore the rug;
And yet—when I was sad
A little later on
You licked my tears away,
Funny little creature,
So much more human
Than most humans that I know!

*The Dallas (Texas) Journal. Lexie Jean Snyder.
Oak Cliff Edition. "Parade of Events," July 7, 1937.*

THE HURT

"He hurt me,"
Indignantly he said.
I countered—
But only in my head:

"No doubt as
You hurt me once, lad."
Aloud, I
Perversely said, "Too bad . . ."

*Richmond George Anthony.
The Dallas (Texas) Journal.
Oak Cliff Edition. "Parade of Events," Feb. 10, 1937.*

LIFE'S POETRY

The laughter of childhood,
The songs of the gay;
The chats in the garden,
The dancing and play;
The foam on the beer,
The cream in the bowl,
All this is poetry—
The food of the soul!

The Dallas (Texas) Journal. *Emelda Deshaies.*
Oak Cliff Edition. "Parade of Events," Oct. 15, 1937.

TACT

I s'pose God gets awfully disgusted
When he sees how some of us act—
I 'spect He'd be happier, and we would I know,
If we'd use a little more tact.

The Dallas (Texas) Journal. *Mary Millar Smith.*
Oak Cliff Edition. "Women Talk," Sept. 6, 1937.

RUMOR

At first it was a whisper brief
That left a darkling stain,
Like bee that buzzed
On slender leaf
Against the window pane.

A little word most softly said;
A little hint come by,
Became a mark
That spread and spread,
And blackened all Life's sky.

The Dallas (Texas) Journal. *Clare MacDermott.*
Oak Cliff Edition. "Women Talk," Nov. 18, 1937.

TO THE WINNER

You invaded my heart like a rebel,
For hostage took all . . . and made flight,
Trampled my dreams and then left me
As some city sack'd in the night.

How does it feel to be victor
To know you have battled and won?
I wouldn't think taking an unarmed fort
Could be so very much fun.

*The Dallas (Texas) Journal. Elaine Bassett Selig
Oak Cliff Edition. "Women Talk."*

LIFE IS A SWINGING DOOR

Life is a little swinging door
Thru which Love comes and goes,
Leaving behind a sob, a tear,
At times a withered rose.
The little door swings back and forth,
And very seldom closes.
Within the pages of my heart
I press the withered roses.

*The Denver (Colo.) Post. Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni
January, 1937.*

TO AN ABSENT MOTHER

The harvesting goes on but you are gone,
Our guiding spirit you have always been;
It seems so hard for us to carry on
Without your kind advice to cheer the men.

I plan the meals as you would have me do,
And use the kettles that you gave to me;
It seemed your very presence helped me thru,
(I'm resting now beneath your favorite tree.)

Beside the door your empty rocking chair!

If you were here we'd chat and have our fun . . .
But since you've gone above to realms so fair,

We can but say God's will, not ours, be done!

The Denver (Colo.) Post. Theresa Druley Black.
October 31, 1937.

ALWAYS WHEN THE WIND BLOWS

Always when the wind blows you have a strange look;

Your eyes have gone to places that I may not go,
And walking beside you, I am searching for you—

Searching in a world that I do not know.

Even though I travel the earth's broad acres,

Examine every footpath where your feet have been,
Yet, unless my wings come, I must be a stranger

To that world of mind you are planing in.

The Detroit (Mich.) News. Helen Janet Miller.
"Random Shots," November 10, 1937.

SONG OF THE RIVER

It's fine to go wandering down to the sea

Between the grey rocks and the sand

And to sing of my love for the curves, the long swerves
Of the beautiful flourishing land.

It's great to run churning and curling beneath

A bridge arching over my rills,

And to flow by a sunset that glows like a rose

Redly blooming above the green hills.

Though I cherish old flats that are moored at my side,
Of all things it's this I love best:

To sing as I go a sweet tune—with the moon

Riding down to the sea on my breast!

The Detroit (Mich.) News. Rebecca Helman.
"Random Shots," September 29, 1937.

WAR SONG

How can I lift my voice in carefree song
When all the future of the earth is vague:
Cruel days of killing over right and wrong,
Panic of blood-lust spreading like a plague.
Out of what nightmare plunges this mad giant,
Intent on crushing laughter from the heart,
Snorting his deadly fumes in breath defiant,
Exchanging lives for lines traced on a chart.

Songs of today are touched with misery
As long as gallant figure-heads make war;
Slaughter and hate bring no one victory:
Death has destroyed the gayness of my score.
Songs of today, for me, are songs of sorrow,
Elegies groping for youth's dream of tomorrow.

The Detroit (Mich.) News. Clayton W. Fountain.
"Random Shots, September 28, 1937.

THE OLD MEN

Some gentle words of old men have been said
For there are kind and tender men of age
Who leave behind memorials by sage,
Inspiring, noble deeds accrued ere dead.
Their lives' exemplary records may be read
By scanning their biographer's true page.

But dry old men dehydrated of all
Desire except their mercenary greed,
What good to man is all their time-learned lore?
We cut old, blighted trees before they fall;
Remove these elders blind to mankind's need!
Make end to old men sending young to war!

The Detroit (Mich.) News. Will Henry Eldridge.
"Random Shots," April 23, 1937.

HAUNTED

The thing that I feared is finished,
For the one whom I loved is dead,
But yet in the midnight silence
I wake and am sore afraid:

Afraid that the one, beloved,
To whom my Faith was so dear,
May have seen in my eyes their doubting,
May have read in my heart its fear.

The Detroit (Mich.) News. Elmer C. Adams.
'Random Shots,' November 17, 1937.

IGNORANCE IS BLISS

How discontented now I am
With butter on my bread;
Someone gave me a jar of jam—
Now I like that instead.

The Detroit (Mich.) News. Jessie Morris.
'Random Shots,' October 9, 1937.

SWAMP HOME

My man has a job at peeling posts
And getting out pulp-wood and bark.
At dusk he sits in the door, and ghosts
Seem going past in the dark.

I get him a supper, good and hot,
Of fried side-pork and beans,
Tea-dust strong in the granite pot
And sometimes a kettle of greens.

With cups and plates from our wedding set,
On the oil-cloth red and white;
I'm tidy and nice as our means will let,
But he is blind to the sight.

He'll eat with never a word to say,
Then fall asleep in his chair,
I wash the dishes and put them away—
He never knows I am there.

But mornings are better. He'll tease the cat
And hug me a little, and say:
"How's my old woman? Where's my hat?
This is another day!"

Marjorie Huntoon Morrill.

The Detroit (Mich.) News.

"Random Shots," October 1, 1937.

LIFE

Sunshine and shadow
May disrupt our day;
But they are a part
Of the Master's way.

Suffering and gladness
Are part of the scheme;
Our trials are not
As bad as they seem.

Madonna Desmond

The Dubuque (Iowa) Telegraph-Herald.
November 28, 1937.

SONNET

It is so easy to misunderstand,
To misinterpret, to misjudge, accuse;
And it is possible love to abuse,
Condemn unwisely, or more proof demand.

It is so human to lose confidence,
Imagine wrongs, retaliate in kind;
And it is demon-like friends' faults to find,
To wound loved ones by selfish reticence.

It is so difficult to doubt our eyes,
To disbelieve our ears, or to refute
When libelous lips demand that we be mute.
To judge a matter well, one must be wise.

But it is superhuman and divine,
Justice to deal, without its plummet line.

The Enid (Okla.) Events. Alice Sutton McGeorge.
"Poetry," November, 1937.

HOW EMPTY!

How empty are the golden bowers of day,
When the last sunray sinks into the west;
When every silvered cloud turns purple-grey,
As birds seek hungrily a place to rest.
How empty are our hearts when love has died,
When shrugging shoulders turn in cold disdain,
As with a feeble smile we strive to hide—
Behind a mask—all bitterness and pain.
How empty are our lives when all alone
Upon some dangerous precipice we stand,
Still groping vainly in the dark unknown
To find or touch, at least, one friendly hand.
How empty all would be, how dark the night,
Had we not faith, to guide us in the gloom—
Dear Faith!—who has a tiny candle light
Still burning for us in her cheery room.

The Farina (Ill.) News. E. Lisette Herrling.
July 22, 1937.

FOR LITTLE LOVES THAT DIED

For all the little loves that died
When they were young and small,
I keep a tiny altar
Upon a flowered wall.
Upon the little altar
Are golden statuettes,
And one wee pot of sandalwood
With woolly mignonettes.

Before the little statues
I burn a score of flames,
Atoning for the homely fact
That I forgot their names!

Rosa Zagnoni Marinon

The Fayetteville (Ark.) Democrat.

"Ozark Moon," April 14, 1937.

THE DREAD OF NIGHT

We must
Not let the dread
Of night's approaching pall
Spoil the beauty of a glorious
Sunset!

Fletcher's Farming.
"Anvil Sparks."

Fletcher Davis

MY SYMPHONY

(A Sunset on the Pacific)

My song I would carol to you, Beloved,
Through the fragrant air of the sea;
As the forest burns with eventide,
And wearied shadows flee.

I would tune to the charm of the forest fir
With tangled fern and vine,
Its hills and valleys, echoing streams,
Wild rose and columbine.

Out here where the frontier's last trail ends
On the wave washed beach of the sea,
With the orchestra of evening stars,
I would lift my symphony.

The Forks (Wash.) Forum.
August, 1937.

James Egbert

BLIND MAN

Once there was a blind man
Who could see many things;
In his mind hills were green
With the grass April brings.
But living near was another man
Who was very blind, indeed,
For in his yard were flowers
But he only saw the weed.

William Allen Ward.

The Galveston (Texas) Tribune.
"Today's Poem," September 25, 1937.

RAIN

All night in savage glee,
Tossed every branch on every tree,
Responding to the wind's wild passion.
Till last the blessing sought is sent;
With night's grim blackness spent,
Came morning a new day to fashion,
Bringing rain, gently, softly pattering down
To quench the thirst of the grey dry ground.

The Gary (Ind.) Post-Tribune. O. Wulfing.
"Flue Dust."

EPISODE WITH CHORUS

I

The Womack place is ancient and remote
From any town, with fertile river lands
And acres dense in brushwood never smote
By marring axe. Its pillared dwelling stands

Whitely among live oaks and junipers
With shaggy boles. There summer nights are sweet
From scent of bay-bloom when a young wind stirs
The drowsy marsh, as whippoorwills repeat

Their five-toned call. The fitful sleeper wakes
At midnight if a wailing owl is heard—
“A sign of death!” An aged negro shakes
His head, mumbling a potent conjur word.

II

The Womacks were a proud but kindly race
Who never stained their hands with cruelty.
Their quarters housed a loyal populace—
No negroes in the country were more free

From domination than they were, and so,
When Sherrod Womack, coming home one day
In August, found his trusted gardener, Joe,
With bulging eyes, his face gone putty-gray,

He was alarmed. “Somebody hurt—what’s wrong?”
Then Joe began to blubber: “Lijah’s house—
He say my Sambo done it—passed along
Right at de time it burned—and now he vows

He’s gon’ to string Sam up. Him and a gang
Is out to murder Sam, oh Lordy—” “Stop
That noise!” Stern-eyed and angry, Sherrod sprang
From the roan, throwing his reins and riding crop

To Joe. “No lynching on this place. You run
Put up my horse . . . It must be six o’clock,”
He muttered to himself, “I’ll get my gun.”
His wife was in the door, her muslin frock

No whiter than her cheeks. “I’ve prayed for you
To come!” she faltered. “Theodosia’s in
The kitchen crying over Sam. She knew
About their trouble. It would be a sin

To let those negroes—” “Yes, I’ll notify
The officers, but doubt if they will get
Here soon. Did Theodosia tell you why
The fool burned Lijah’s house?” “He wouldn’t let

Sam’s wife alone?” Another hour found
Two bands of huntsmen scouring hills and bogs.

Through myrtle thickets, marshes which resound
With hoarse, uncanny cadences of frogs,

The one, transformed to rabid beasts, pursued
Their quarry for revenge. A white man led
The other hunters, lest by lawless feud,
The honor of his lands be forfeited.

III

"Ah, this frame of mine,
Ah, this frame of mine,
Ah, this frame of mine,
Dry bones gon' to rise again.
Hark, hark, I heard Him say:
'Dry bones gon' to rise again'."

Sherrod, resting from the search,
Listened near a little church.

"Steal away to Jesus,
I ain't got long to stay here,
Steal away, steal away home
To Jesus."

Weird melody and primitive
As raindrops filtered through a seive

Of wind; awaking vibrant strings
To echo wild imaginings;

Arousing the untamed in men
To quicken and be born again.

"My Lawd is calling me,
He warns me in the thunder,
The trumpet sounds
Within my soul—
I ain't got long to stay here."

IV

The flare of lifted torches gleams
On faces glistening with heat

And madness. Suddenly the beat
Of horses' hoofs and Sambo screams.

"Untie that boy—" The startled group,
Cowed by the flame in Sherrod's eyes,
Fell back in cowardly surprise—
Released the agonizing loop.

"Sam, I arrest you!" Sherrod's voice
Resounded like a whip each black
Could feel upon his naked back,
"And Lijah, too, will have no choice—"

Unmuzzled passions crouch in fear
Before the majesty of right,
And then, across the pulsing night—
"I ain't got long to stay here . . ."

Louise Crenshaw Ray.

The Greenville (Ala.) Advocate.

MOON MATING

The summer moon hangs ripe and full
Offering her maiden heart to the silent forest.
Solitude drops her ebon mantle
About my frail human shoulders,
My fevered cheeks are caressed
By the slim cool fingers of Night;
The serenity of nature permeates my being
As I inhale soul-filling draughts
Of clean pine-scented air,
I am free as the tall green trees,
My troubles become but crumbling shells
Of a fading dream,
My sorrows but a misty veil to be put aside.
I raise my eyes to the star-etched heavens
In gratitude for the quiescence born of the mating
Of the summer moon with the forest.

Lucile Iredale Carleson.

The Hartford (Conn.) Courant.
July 11, 1937.

CIVILIZATION

The more we seek alone, to know,
The less we understand:
The deluge of our ignorance
Is threatening every land.

Life viewed just as a catalogue
Of things to have and hold,
Has dammed this mighty deluge up
Behind a bank of gold.

But God has not forsaken us,
He knows us through and through,
Within the Hollow of His Hand,
We yet shall find the true.

The Hartford (Conn.) Times. *F. J. Earl.*
"The Poet's Corner," March 30, 1937.

BELLS OF BRITAIN

(Bells are pealing in every city and hamlet in honor of Coronation Day)

Hark! The bells of Britain ring!
Across the sea, among the hills
The words, their echoes fling,

Are whispered in the tiny rills,
Are music on the air!
Their boundless song of freedom thrills

The lagging hearts of men, who bear
The burdens of a weary day—
The bells peal Hope and Prayer.

The burdens of a weary day,
Wherever man may be—
Whatever stumbling man shall say,

The hour is fresh with prophecy—
A people's faith shall bring
The courage of their destiny.

Hark! The bells of Britain ring!
In joyous hope and glory,
The Empire crowns its King!

Martha Linsley Spencer.

The Hartford (Conn.) Times.

"*The Poet's Corner*," May 11, 1937.

NIGHT IS A ROSE

Night is a lovely Rose,
Steeped in sweets to the lees,
Full of the loves and woes—
Swarming with golden-bees.

Now on the waiting air,
Forth from her dark cocoon,
Delicate white and fair,
Flutters the white moth moon.

The Hartford (Conn.) Times.

Ella Christensen.

"*The Poet's Corner*," June 29, 1937.

DEATHSTRUCK

Wisdom and I have learned to walk alone
Since age crept in to steal my youthful pride;
And I no longer find I need to hide
This fact—so I shall not again bemoan
My fate, now that my lonely soul is grown.
Yet, like a bird (that draws its wings aside,
Throws back its graceful head to view the wide
Heavens in tragic blank surprise) I groan

Because I, too, sense that the end is near.
Nor have I finished one clear ringing bar
Of music from my soul that should have lasted. . . .
And yet, as I depart, I hold no fear.
What does it matter I reached not my star;
For I have lived life full, nor have I fasted.

The Hartford (Conn.) Times. Caroline Parker Smith.

"*The Poet's Corner*," December 14, 1937.

ON DUTY

The nurse felt his touch, when icy-fingered
Death came through the door. Though he spoke no
word

As he entered the room, she knew when he lingered
Over the bed until nothing stirred.

But even then with his shadow falling
Over her heart, with dawn's first ray,
Came the voice of a woman in agony calling
That Life had started upon his way.

And who could tell the one from the other,
As each one went on his silent round?
For what are Death, and Life, his brother,
But part of eternity onward bound?

Magdalene Graeber Clark.

The Hartford (Conn.) Times.

"The Poet's Corner," November 2, 1937.

REFUGEES

They fled
From old Madrid
While centuries of lore
With thronging, sad enchantments cried,
Return.

The Hartford (Conn.) Times.

Ella Allison.

"The Poet's Corner," March 30, 1937.

THOUGHT CRYSTAL

I found a crystal drop
Like dew upon a blade of grass
In spring;

Pure thought it was—a vibrant tone
My heart had heard—and learned
To sing.

The Hartford (Conn.) Times.

Esther Freshman.

"The Poet's Corner," April 3, 1937.

WINTER EVENING

All day I have listened to the wind
Across the trees—
To the rain making songs
In gentle minor keys.

O, it was beautiful,
Rustle of falling leaves,
Flutes of sound on baring branch
Echoed against the eaves.

Dusk comes, and the mist,
Tender mothering thing,
Broods the little naked trees
Beneath her soft gray wing.

The Hartford (Conn.) Times. *Ellen M. Carroll.*
"The Poet's Corner," January 12, 1937.

A LITTLE PIECE OF SKY

What shapes are these—pursuing suns and stars?
Wasted with want—shades of a high desire—
Striding the plains, pressing at mountain bars,
Their eyes upraised to glimpse some promised fire?
And sounds? I thought I heard a plea—a cry—
"O, Lord, throw down a little piece of sky."

Look up, vain shapes of dark to dark, look up.
Since Time was Time, since rock gave birth to dust,
All thirst is thirst, which finds an empty cup;
And hope is hunger lifted out of lust.
Such is the road, and such, the lonely cry—
"O, Lord, throw down a little piece of sky."

The Hiawatha (Kans.) World. *Lowe W. Wren.*
September 29, 1937.

DANDELIONS

If there were just a few
That in a rich man's garden grew
Instead of enough to fill the sea,
Then how beautiful they would be:
The lowly dandelions!

The Hilltop Record.

Elsie Ireland.

"Modern Poetry," October 8, 1937.

LET'S BE THANKFUL

If the pilgrims, amid hardships,
Could return thanks and rejoice—
How much more should we be grateful,
Living in these days of choice!
They, through wilderness of danger,
Blazed the trails along life's way
Which are now broad roads of comfort
Giving cause for thanks today . . .

Let's be thankful and express it
In our every word and deed;
Let us share our joys and comforts
With all those who are in need;
For it matters not the sadness
In our lives, we'll always find
Cause for gratitude and gladness—
Thus to share with all mankind . . .

Let's be thankful and express it
For the blessings 'long life's way;
For the happiness and pleasures
Which are ours from day to day;
For the loyalty of friendship—
For the sacredness of love,
And for all life's boundless beauty—
God bequeaths us, from above!

The Hilltop Record.
November 23, 1937.

Katharine Neal Smith

BREATH OF A VIOLIN

To capture sound, within a word,
Breath of a violin . . .
Is to try
To hold the endless depth of sky
Within the humble vision.
The blue floods and satiates my being
And I close my eyes for surcease.
So, the sound escapes me . . . singing
On into endless sphere—
Too translucent for coining
Into a word, for my release.

Rose Porter.

The Huntington Park (Calif.) Independent.
"Contributors' Column."

HIDING PLACES

The quick tears fell, close pressed the laurel boughs.
Cool was the earth unto a child's hot face:
With small hands clenched I sobbed, "Oh, little house
Shut in by leaves, you are my hiding place."
There often, fresh from punishment, I came
And flung myself face down, upon the fern,
Buried my eyes to hide my weeping's shame,
Learning the first hand truths a child must learn.

Oh, Heart, where can we run for hiding now
From prying eyes, where sob the lone grief out?
No little leaf leans low, no laurel bough
Stoops down to screen. These city walls are stout,
But oh, they cannot shut man's secret ills
Away from pity's gaze—that takes the hills.

Helen Frazee Bower.

The Huntington Park (Calif.) Independent.
"Contributors' Column."

FALLEN LEAVES

It seems to me it were but yesterday
That leaves upon the trees were fresh and green;
But now, alas, today the limbs are bare,
And scarce a leaf upon a branch is seen.
What pesky mischief hath the wild wind wrought?
For, see—all scattered on yon roofs and eaves—
O'er garden path, e'en on each bed of flowers—
Lie, thick and sad, nought else but fallen leaves!

One wonders why and how it comes to pass
That God, who decks the trees that grow so high
With foliage so gay—that nature loves,
Allows these leaves to fall, and pine, and die!
Ah me! these fallen leaves—they pass away,
And to the ground return from whence they came;
Their task is done, the Master's will obeyed;
Is life so short? Will time serve man the same?

The Idaho Statesman.
November 15, 1937.

John W. Hodge.

SOLILOQUY OF AN OLD HOUSE

So you are here . . . I felt that you would come . . .
From early youth your soul was wont to sigh
For lonely things—and such, alas! was I.
And thus I knew you would not always roam
Forgetful of your early boyhood's home.
So here, upon the bank while years went by
I've waited; oft the river, rising high,
Has rolled against my walls with sound and foam.
But you have come . . . and it again is Spring . . .
The magic of sweet memory enthralls
Till, in a dream, I hear a voice that calls,
And down the years faint answering,
Resounding through the corridors and halls . . .
And out upon the meadow sweet birds sing.

The Indianapolis (Ind.) News. Clyde R. Protsman.
"Hoosier Homespun," April 29, 1937.

DISSERTATION ON CHIGGERS

I wonder what the chiggers eat
When I am not about
To act as bait to lure them and
Entice them to come out.
I wonder what they live upon
When in the field or thicket
When I've no time to be on hand
To act as their meal ticket!

Perhaps I shouldn't wish them harm
But would say with my last breath
I'd like to see them every one
Expire—just starve to death!
O how I would appreciate
My chance then to be brave!
I'd walk up like a soldier and
Place posies on their grave!

The Indianapolis (Ind.) News. Mary Larkin-Cook.
"Hoosier Homespun," June 28, 1937.

ON CROSSING A COVERED BRIDGE

Like some vague dream this memory comes to me
Of crossing a covered bridge once, long ago.
The horses' hoofs re-echoed rhythmically
With that strange, far-off sound that made one grow

Into a musing, meditative mood.
The world outside appeared to fade away;
The cool, dim shadows brought an interlude
So calm one almost wished that it might stay.

But all too soon the interval would end—
The soothing world of dream was left behind.
But thoughts of it come back as if to lend
A healing, tranquil moment to the mind.

The Indianapolis (Ind.) Star. Margaret E. Bruner.
March 21, 1937.

THE MOTHER MEDITATES

(Concerning Amelia)

Now as I wait through troubled days and nights
For you who gained renown—the world's acclaim,
Remembering your past successful flights,
Fearing, yet hoping this would be the same,
My grief-torn heart is proud of you, and yet
There have been times I almost wished that you
Had been more like the women who beget
A family—but you were of the few
Who have the spark that makes them ever go
Adventuring and seeking, never still—
And have you gained at last what you would know
And landed on some high, celestial hill?

The Indianapolis (Ind.) Star. Margaret E. Bruner.
"Contributed Verse," September 19, 1937.

STRIKE—YOU, TOO, FARMERS?

The worn plow
Is red with rust
While the plumes of weeds
Wave the dust
In acres
Where the yellowing grain
Once felt the beat
Of crystal rain.

The Indianapolis (Ind.) Times. Ken Hughes.
August 2, 1937.

RETURN

Someday
My tired eyes shall close in sleep
From which no pleading voice
May awaken me;
And my freed spirit,
Startled by the new brilliance,

Shall flutter on the dusty ledge
Then take the star-lit trail.
Someday
I shall return to the old home-place
Where creation began.

The Indianapolis (Ind.) Times. *Helen Salitros.*
May 4, 1937.

NOTHING IS CHANGED

Nothing is changed; the moon and stars
Still glorify the night.
The sun still rises with the morn,
And brings its golden light.

The redbud tree puts forth its bloom,
The tight curled leaves unfold,
The rose diffuses its perfume,
The ferns spring from the mold.

Still winter comes, . . . and summer,
And snow and rain and dew.
Nothing is gone but my happiness,
Nothing is changed, but you.

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. *Belle Rush.*
June 30, 1937.

THIS I REMEMBER

I knew an hour of shining faith—
A year of keen regret;
The hour I will remember,
The year I will forget.

I heard love's brief exultant song—
Cold winds that blew me ill;
The ill wind is forgotten,
The song I think of still.

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. *Myra Perrings.*
September 2, 1937.

REMEMBERED BEAUTY

I loved you once, not for yourself alone;
You were to me the beauty of the dawn,
The breath of pines, the music of the lark,
The dancing shadows on the velvet lawn.

You were the surf that races on the shore,
In which the sea gulls gayly wheel and play,
The fragrance of the violets—at times,
Unto my darkest night you were the day

Though summer pass and autumn's glory flame,
And then grows dim in winter's with'ring blight,
The thought of you as beauty shall abide
Like that of stars that gem the vaults of night.

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. Flora Brownlee Walker.

RIVER DAYBREAK

Shadowy as the misty shores that rim
The islands in the peaceful bay of sleep,
The farther bank lifts vaguely in a steep
High wall of sand. The willow trees are dim
As vapor ghosts that trail the land or swim
The depths of sea. A bar that meets the sweep
Of water, ever changing, serves to keep
A liquid music rising up to Him.

Against the east a molten rose-light breaks
And spills upon the current there below
A flood of ruby-red that spreads and makes
The entire stream a crimson path. A slow
But cooling breeze lifts up its wings and takes
The earth-broad way down which the nightwinds go.

The land's awake—the time for sleep is done;
And Life takes on new color in the sun!

*The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. Ralph J. Donahue.
June 4, 1937.*

MY ONE UNSELFISH FRIEND

My fellow-men might bow upon their knees
If greatly honored I should sometimes be,
But should disgrace or failure touch my head
Their adulation would be gone for me.

And yet, my dog, my one unselfish friend,
Would still be waiting at my erring side,
To kiss my fragile hand, to cheer me on;
To help me go where one is never vied.

It cares not whether I be rich or poor,
Or pauper tossed upon life's rugged way.
What faith! If others leave, it still remains
A true and loyal friend, by night, by day.

It is as constant as the morning sun
That ever trails the great, wide-open sky.
Through wintry blasts or balmy days of spring
It guards me truly as the hours go by.

In it I find devotion, faith and love—
The traits I ask in man. Unto the end,
God grant that I accept these wondrous things,
The love and constancy of such a friend.

The Kenyon (Minn.) Leader. *Clara A. Clausen.*

OCTOBER-STROLL

A warbler darts among the shrubs,
Which still are green and dense.
The cosmos and the marigolds
Are clustered by a fence.
The salvia is flaming red
Beyond spent four-o'-clocks,
And maple leaves are showered down
Among the hollyhocks.
The giant dahlias droop their blooms
Above my head, and see
Where woodbine flings a crimson robe
About an ancient tree.

The woodland paths are carpeted
With leaves, to form a mould,
A hillside flares with sumacs' red,
Or beeches' beaten gold.
The cornshocks huddle in the field,
Scared rabbits bound away,
For crows are calling shrilly, now,
Along the Autumn day.

Clara Edmunds-Hemingway.

The Lansing (Ill.) Journal.

"Extra! Extra," October 21, 1937.

CHALLENGE

You sneer at the failure of others—
Are you sounding the depths as you live,
Or skimming through shadows, not caring
What delight true fulfillment can give?

They learn through this lack of perfection
An awareness of pitfalls that wait;
While you miss the joys of the moment
In ignoring the guidance of fate.

Their dreams may be futile or shattered;
From the ruins a purpose will rise,
The cliffs that were barren will flower
With fruition in piquant disguise.

The Liberty (Mo.) Tribune. Gladys N. Arnold.
"Food, Fact and Fancy," July 15, 1937.

DUSK

There is no moon, tonight,
Thick haze dims
The star's bright light.
As lamps burn low
Along the shadowed street,
A depressed wind moans,
Rising slightly

With vague tones
To slink
Beneath faltering feet
To seek silence
Between the row
Of shuttered houses,
Dark and still,
To await the morning
And a sun-lit hill.

*The Los Angeles (Calif.) Bulletin. Aileen Whitelaw.
"The Poet's Corner," January 11, 1937.*

CHOIR LOFT WINDOW

The softly colored panels speak to me
An age-old story of sublimity,
Depicting Christ as Shepherd, tending sheep
Among Judea's foothills, running steep.
Within the circle of His arm, a lamb
Is snuggled, and beside Him stands the dam
With meek, submissive, trustful look—
The while, His right hand clasps the herders' crook
With which to urge refractory ones home,
From lurking enemies that prowl the gloam.
I visioned sheep crowned hills 'round Bethlehem
And felt the shepherd brooding over them;
Saw myriad twinkling stars go marching by
That night, renowned for radiant flaming sky,
When shepherds, all agog, began to creep
Together, from their scattered flocks of sheep—
And suddenly, I knew we'd followed far
The bell-sheep, as it were, where dangers are,
And fain would be uplifted with Thy grace,
Oh, Shepherd, in Thy fold, the trysting place.

*The Madison Press.
October 25, 1937.*

Jessie Chandler.

THE ANIMATED DEAD

(After seeing Jean Harlow in "Saratoga")

I saw her last night in her beauty and pride,
All lively with life as love walked by her side,
Her lovely lips laughing, voice lifted in song,
As moved she dream-center of joy-seeking throng.
Her eyes glowed and sparkled with animate sheen,
As played she on heart strings in drama's demesne.
Yet I knew in lone tomb, where silences hold,
Her beautiful body lay passionless, cold;
That eyes that there sparkled with drama's emprise
Were one with dull dust, void of luminous guise . . .
Strange, strange to consider that tossing blond head,
Those moving emotions as all of one dead;
That though across screen she tripped light as a bride
Her spirit roamed far ways beyond Great Divide:
That grave dust lay over those luminous eyes,
The vast void of silence sole answer to sighs,
As countless screen-lovers emotionally thrilled,
Though heart of Jean Harlow forever was stilled.

Oscar H. Roesner.

The Marysville (Calif.) Appeal-Democrat.
"The Rambler," October 6, 1937.

LONE GULL

Grey silhouette against the streaming moon,
A lone sea gull is flying;
Why, thought I, do you soar aloft
Like a poor lost soul that's crying?

Why not sleep 'neath the cragged cliff,
Safe from the dangers lurking?
Or must you ever awake at night
With a lonely heart that's breaking?

Perchance you soar to find release,
A freedom of the spirit?
You can't abide in your soft, safe nest
And must fly alone? I fear it.

Just now you rode a crested wave
Your throat was white like the foam;
Then I knew there's no haven of rest—
Some souls must soar alone.

Ruby MacLeod Taylor.
The Mill Valley (Calif.) Record.

MOODS

The day's filled with sun as your heart's filled with sun,
And is gay as your heart is gay.
The rustling leaves sing the song of the trees,
Joyful and sad as your heart shall please,
It's your mood that makes the day.

You may dim the shine of bluest sky
Till all is dense and gray,
Or may joyfully push from sea and land
Clouds heavy and dull as a lifeless hand.
It's your mood that makes the day.

The Mill Valley (Calif.) Record. *Margo Fischer.*
"The Rhymester's Coner," August 13, 1937.

SOUL-SPUN

We hourly weave upon life's brittle loom
With warp of blithesome laughter woof of tears,
A death-proof fabric which purloining years
Cannot despoil of its intrinsic bloom,—
The glow of loving eyes which lights the gloom;
Moon-haunted heavens; snow-wrapt hemispheres;
Bird-song; a baby's smile; friendship that cheers;
The flowers that spring from Nature's fertile womb;

The songs unsung our young hearts yearn to sing;
The heights unscaled our star-drawn feet would climb;
Ideals transcending stark reality;
Earth's beauty and the mind's imagining—
Such things as these render the soul sublime
And share its innate immortality.

The Montreal (Quebec) Star. *Gordon LeClaire.*

AUTUMN MOON

Oh misty, misty is the moon
Shining over the hill—
Shining, and feeding with a spoon
Autumn, old and ill.

And bowing, bowing she prays tonight
Till on her face she lies—
For snow will come with autumn's flight
To blind her misty eyes.

William Walter DeBolt.

The Moscow (Idaho) News-Review.
September 27, 1937.

THE SAGE

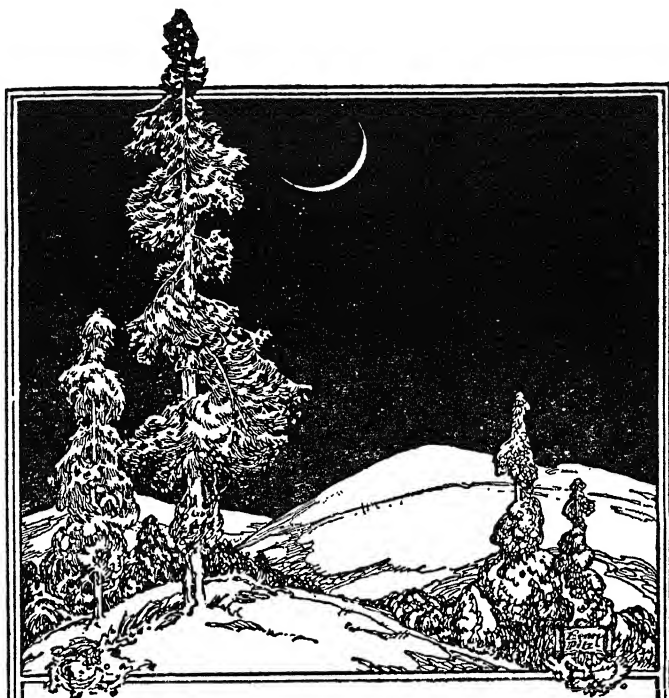
The Chinese figurine
Stands on the mantelshelf
Lost in contemplation,
Musing to himself.

Under his arm he carries
A faded parchment scroll
Exploring with delicate phases
The mysteries of soul.

Upon his wrinkled visage
Is a bland, discerning smile
And one slim hand is lifted
As though dispersing guile.

This mute porcelain sage
Conveys a lesson to me
In that rare and ancient art
Of complete serenity.

The Mount Morris Index. Milly Walton.
"This World of Ours," February 19, 1937.



Responsive Heart

My heart responds to every silent thing:
A baby's smile; the hush of fallen
snow;

A flaming star, a cardinal on wing,
The dawn and sunset with their varied glow.

A pine tree etched in winter's crystal frieze;
A tender crocus breaking through the sod;
The tranquil beauty of old memories—
And every loveliness designed by God.

The Mount Morris (Ill.) Index. Tessa Sweazy Webb.

WANDERLUST

I envy those whose thoughts are orthodox;
Who keep them in an indexed filing box.
They seem to be so solid and serene
And are unmoved by every shifting scene.

But mine may stray to hide behind a star;
Down to the river where cool places are;
Along the margin of a mountain lake
Or to the shining sand where whitecaps break.

Then they return to do their humdrum chore
For just a little while, and then once more
My fickle, restless mind begins to sing
And sends them on another wandering.

The Mount Morris (Ill.) Index. Don Mills.
"This World of Ours," September 17, 1937.

THE VOICE OF YOUNG AMERICA

We who are young,
How shall we tell them,
Who deem our lives with cannon-fire and power?

Oh, we are loyal to our country—
We are willing
To raise her, praise her for the land she is—
But—
Is there no other way to prove it but by killing—
Must we resort to methods
Grim as this?

We love our life!
We have a right to living!
And who are they to gamble with our souls?

The Newark (N. J.) Ledger. Erika Schwager.
"Much Ado," November 5, 1937.

THE CHILDREN'S BAND

(Illustrated by Mary Lamb Lewis)

A flash of color up the street,
A blare of horns and tramp of feet,
As round the corner slowly file,
The children's band in proper style.

The major-domo leads the way,
With lively steps so quick and gay,
And twirls his baton round his hat,
Just like a well-trained acrobat.

Then come the pupils from the schools,
They follow military rules,
With minds upon their parts intent,
They are a happy regiment.

From clarinets and saxophones,
From throbbing drums and loud trombones,
And bass cornets such music swirls,
As high his wand the leader twirls!

The parents' hearts are filled with pride—
As down the street their children stride—
To them no project in the land,
Excels that of the children's band.

The Nevada State Journal. *Josephine Eather.*
"Poetic Nevadans," April 24, 1937.



IN THE ATTIC

There is in ev'ry house a room
Of olden mem'ries;—the sacred tomb
Of slumbrous things which we discard
Yet hold in reverence and regard—
The room a-jumbled and unseen,
Which holds in storage mem'ries keen
Of days ago, of those we love,
Who dwell now in the realm above;
Of treasured things and styleless things
Whose ownership oft to us brings
The poignant pains and joys ecstatic,
Now dwelling in the silent attic,
Far hidden in the upper story,
With all its wealth of inventory.
And ah! upon a rainy day
One rummages 'mid this array
Of olden things, which ever cast
A picture of the days now past!
There are the notes which she once sent,
Still fragrant with love's sentiment,
In dusty bundles, ribbon-tied,
Which conjure tears and silent pride.
There is the dress which Mother wore
That wedding morn in days of yore.
There is a tiny baby shoe,
So little worn and almost new.
There are the toys of nurs'ry lands,
Once held by dainty baby hands.
There are old photographs of those
Who gaze at us in gallant pose,
Whom we in life did never see,
Yet are strong boughs of th' fam'ly tree.
And things galore, which in the dark
Seem erstwhile from old Noah's ark,
And thousand others, nondescript,
Oft worn, or torn or sadly ripped,
From which we ne'er can seem to part
Since sentiment links to our heart.
The attic is the sepulchre
Of plans and hopes which ne'er occur,
Of dreams, and of long vanished faces,
Which live and ne'er old Time erases.

It is our refuge of rich store,
Where we commune and outward pour
Our love for those whose mem'ries last
Within this city of the Past!

Herman A. Heydt.

The New Canaan (Conn.) Advertiser.
October 14, 1937.

HOW WILL IT BE?

How will it be, America,
When the last black road is built?
When the wheel-less wilderness is no more,
And the last wild flowers wilt?

How will it be, America,
For the sons of pioneers,
Searching for trails of silence,
Hearing the growl of gears?

By ax, by plow, by dynamite,
By creeping monster's power,
Still we assault the mountain,
Still we condemn the flower.

How will it be, America,
When our sons' sons are men?
When we have ruined the wilderness—
How will it be by then?

The New Mexico Sentinel.
August 17, 1937.

S. Omar Barker.

BASQUE CHILDREN

(Exiled in England)

Small weary pilgrims, wan and hungry-eyed,
With minds where Horror stalks with giant stride,
They mourn lost kindred, and cry out for home—
War's latest crop of glory and of pride!

The New York Sun.

Stanton A. Coblentz.

OPPORTUNITY

The fairy Opportunity
Knocks at so many doors
She can but linger fleetingly
At mine or yours.

And if we wait to draw the blind
Or challenge, "Who goes there?",
Her wings beat skyward, and we find
But empty air.

The New York Sun.
April 7, 1937.

Stanton A. Coblentz.

REBUKE

As water dripping on a stone
Will slowly crumble it away,
So words upon a hardened heart
Will weaken unconcern, you say.

O speak them to a younger lass
Who holds her love for you to wake,
For I am nearing thirty-two
And have a husband's pies to bake.

The New York Sun.
May 13, 1937.

Eloise Herring Gorham.

COMMENT IN SPRING

What could be gayer
Or more "devil-may-care"
Than an old gray oak
With blue birds in her hair.

Or that wicked gleam
In a robin's eyes
When he braces his feet
And loops up his prize.

The New York Sun.
April 26, 1937.

Joy O'Hara.

AN ANCESTOR PORTRAIT

From where we sit we see you in the hall
Intently watching us. Your lips are stern
As if to reprimand us from the wall,
As if commanding me, "Young woman, learn
To bear yourself sedately and be prim."
I wince beneath your cruel scrutiny.
The one beside me—how you frown at him!
What can you know of this our century?
Why must you haunt us from your picture frame?
At times I sense a twinkle in your eyes
Suggesting life is always much the same.
Perhaps some older portrait, grim and wise,
A stern, decorous gentleman, forsooth,
Admonished you when you were "modern youth."
The New York Sun. *Gertrude Ryder Bennett.*
March 9, 1937.

SIGN POST

This road leads to Londontown,
This one leads to Dover—
Here I stand to give and give
This information over.

Mine is not to prompt or urge
Any man's decision;
Choice must ever be a thing
Of the inner vision.

Does romance wait there, and love?
This way lead to sorrow?
Ask me not, O traveler,
You will learn tomorrow.

Here before you lie the roads,
Pleasant is the morning.
Make your choice and go your way—
Sign posts give no warning.

The New York Sun.

B. Y. Williams.

COLOR OF MUSIC

Music has color,
A scintillant blue,
With the points of night's stars
Piercing through.

Music has color,
The color of fires,
Lighting the fagots
Of dreams and desires.

Music has color
Of roses in rain;
The color of passion,
The color of pain.

Th New York Sun.

Pauline Sager.

IDEALIST

Mile after sandy mile he walks alone,
Forgetful of the food upon his back.
Perhaps he thinks he doesn't really own
The knapsack, for although his lips may crack
With thirst, he does not touch the bright canteen.
Around him is the desert, but he sees
Only mirage—a vision cool and green
Of lakes and hillsides and eternal trees.

Leave him his vision: Though his heart may burst,
His dream alone has power to slake his thirst.

The New York Times.
May 18, 1937.

Eleanor Graham.

LAMENT

Weep on, sad winds; ye withered woods make moan:
Young Ruth is lying silent as a stone,
Young Ruth as cold and silent as a stone.

Ye bitter winds, ye smote her unaware,
So blithe of step, so loving-eyed and rare!
Young Ruth so joyous, loving-eyed and rare.

Now may the sun come not near me the while
Till I forget the magic of her smile—
The magic of her youth and of her smile!

Weep on, sad winds; ye withered woods, make moan:
Young Ruth is lying silent as a stone,
Ruth at her spring struck silent as a stone.

The New York Times.
September 30, 1937.

D. Sanial Gill.

PEGASUS FAILS

I never thought the famous colt
Of very much account;
In youth the beast would always bolt
And seldom let me mount.
And now that age is in his knees,
His bones too stiff for bolting,
I mount his back with greatest ease
But find his wings are moulting.

The New York Times.
March 16, 1937.

N. M. Bennett.

ULTIMATUM

(A Rispetto)

What often seems the very best,
May find a trying doubtful end;
While little things may stand the test
And prove the long desired trend.
Adjustment plays a leading part
With open eyes to reach the heart
But smiles, attuned with pleasing words
Can follow heights of winding birds.

The Northland Times.
"Silver Shears," November 19, 1937.

Marianne Clark.

THE LAKE

Rain on the lake in the morning,
With the wind scudding its face—
Birds darting and turning,
Black dots on delicate lace . . .

Sun on the lake at midday
Like a queen's exquisite gem—
Trees are the throng at its crowning,
The sky its diadem . . .

Moon on the lake in the evening,
Smooth silver, quiet and blue—
Dusk breathes a song in the silence
Of peace and the stars and cool dew.

The New York Times.
June 12, 1937.

Mildred W. Clark.

LINES TO A KING MAKER

On Northern Trails I dream of you
When moonbeams flood the world anew
While in my heart there rings this song,
"I'm coming home . . . I won't be long,
I've done the work I had to do!"
I've blazed the path I set to hew
To let the wheels of progress through,
And brawny men have called me strong,
On Northern Trails.

Great honors that have come to few,
I've taken smugly as my due,
Although I know they all belong
To you who set my feet along
The path to Fame and Fortune, too,
On Northern Trails!

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Raoul Dorsay.*
"The Other Fellow," November 21, 1937.

FOR AN OLD HOME

I wonder what an old house thinks
When it's standing all alone . . .
Does it long for the folks that it sheltered,
The family that once called it 'Home'?
Does it cry when it creaks with the rainstorms
And sob when it groans in the gale?
Does it think of the children that played there
And slid on the sagging porch rail?
It's foolish to think that a structure
Made of plaster and shingles and stone
Could cry in its grief and its sorrow . . .
Could sob when it's left all alone,
But I passed one this evening at sunset
When the wind whistled over the hill,
And I paused at a broken old window
To shyly peer over the sill . . .
I guess it was just foolish fancy
Or because I was there all alone,
But I'm sure that the old house was crying
For the family that once called it 'Home'.

Marguerite Louise Cox.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.

"The Other Fellow," July 23, 1937.

PLAYTHINGS

Give them guns! the little children,
And sparkling tanks that spout real fire,
Fill their playrooms up with cannons,
Let them shoot as they desire.
Give them bombers, war tanks, gas masks,
Fighting's such a stirring game!
Teach them that it's fun to conquer,
Show them war's the road to fame.
Give them ranks of leaden soldiers,
Teach them what a bomb is for.
They will grow up eager, fearless—
Don't cry when they go to war!

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.

Vera White.

"The Other Fellow," November 6, 1937.

LAMENT OF MUNITIONS MAKER

The world is headed for a sickly end,
A soft and sentimental woman's place,
Where puling cries and cowards' whimpers lend
A whining dissonance to our disgrace!
No more the clanging music of the steel
Shall call impetuous youth of widespread lands
To bear the arms their fathers bore, or feel
The stirring lust their heritage demands.
Instead, the demagogue's soft rule holds sway
And throttles us who once made possible
For every mother's son a hero's day,
And for each laborer gold plentiful.
The swords are beaten into plowshares, and
The lethargy of peace has choked the land!

*The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. Gladys Williamson.
"The Other Fellow," November 24, 1937.*

THE HAPPIEST NEW YEAR

I know an island like a wreath
Flung on a Summer sea.
The clean hard coral lies beneath,
The palms swing tall and free.

And there is children's laughter there,
And few, if any, tears;
And men may note their graying hair,
But do not count the years.

No bells will mark the old year gone,
For them, whose hours are told
By stars and tides and by the dawn.
That paints the reef with gold.

But there is happiness to spare,
Though New Year may not chime—
Theirs little goods, and little care,
For they are free of time!

*The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. Clifford Gessler.
"The Other Fellow," December 27, 1937.*

EACH FOR HIMSELF MUST TEND HIS FIRE

To those who vary from the beaten path
Achievement points a sure and stable way
To ultimate success. But those who stay
Within the well-worn lanes will merely etch
A deeper groove and find it hard to climb
Out from the rut and circumstance of time.

Adventurers must seek a further port;
The fisherman must find a hidden stream;
A dreamer must enhance his hazy dream.
Each for himself must tend his genius' fire.
To stir another's is of no avail
If you would climb above the beaten trail.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.
"The Other Fellow."

Amy Bower.

THE WORKMAN

(A Labor Day Thought)

They say that I'm only a workman,
That I live by the sweat of my brow,
That I'm one of the millions and millions
Who at Industry's altar must bow;
But I'm proud of the classification,
Though often in scorn it is named,
For it helps me to think of the Master,
A Workman who wasn't ashamed!

At the carpenter's bench I can see Him
As He labors from morning till night—
Though worthy of honor and grandeur,
Yet toil is His greatest delight:
"My heavenly Father's a worker,
And the Son will not shrink from its care
For I surely must help with His labors,
If I hope in His glory to share."

I may never be known as a leader,
I may never have riches or fame,
Perhaps there are few in this nation
Who ever will hear of my name;
But, if faithful and true as a workman,
Till the threads of my life are all spun,
No other reward will be needed
Than His smile and His blessed "Well done!"

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. C. I. Ford.
"Poet's Corner," September 5, 1937.

TRIBUTE

My friend has gone; a lowly man was he
Who in his humble life made others see
The Christ through him.

He followed the same trade
The Master chose, and all his work was underlaid
With honesty and love and the desire
To prove himself a servant worthy of his hire.

His voice was gentle; his heart was kind,
And in his handclasp needy ones could find
The warmth of friendliness.

His thoughts were clear
As water in a pool; and, lacking fear,
He stood uncompromisingly for Right.
To those whom he has left, Day seems as Night,
And yet, through faith, we know that his dear Lord
Has richly honored him with a reward
For service done.

The Father made sweet use of him
On earth, and now he stands upon the rim
Of God's eternity, all eager for the heavenly things.
Without him we are lonely, but his going brings
Its recompense, for we shall richer live
Because of all he had to give.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. Helen Miller Lehman.
"The Other Fellow," April 22, 1937.



FLOODS

(Illustration by Mary Lamb Lewis)

They slowly creep into a town
Like wanton beasts of prey,
And hungrily devour each thing
Along their gruesome way.

They strike each victim's heart with awe
And menacingly spread
A vulture's feast of dread disease—
The dying and the dead.

Here lies the crucial test for man;
He rallies to the cause
And nobly plays a hero's part
Without the world's applause.

There is no color, class, or creed,
When human hearts cry out their need.

The Ohio State Journal.
February 3, 1937.

Theressa M. DeFossett.

TO A WAKEFUL MUSE

Sing then,—
If you will!
Tell me, what's the reason,
Why you so persistent are,
In unfitting season?
Sing then,—
If you will!
There's no rhyme nor reason,
Why my weary body waits;
Sure, 'tis sleeping season!
Sing then,—
If you will!
You'll not list' to reason;
Where you must, why then, you must—
In or out of season.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Rosalie Childs.*
"The Other Fellow," March 23, 1937.

THE RED CROSS

O flaming cross, your spreading light
Shall penetrate the blackest night
To heal a heart torn by despair,
To dry a tear . . . or waft a prayer.

O flaming cross, your warmth shall be
A blessing of security;
A bulwark for the sick and old
Who treasure life far more than gold.

O flaming cross, within your glow
The lighted lamp of long ago
Has blazed a trail through night to dawn
Where men and angels . . . carry on.

The Ohio State Journal. *Theressa M. DeFossett.*
February 4, 1937.

RITUAL FOR FLESH

Make no lament for withered leaf,
Or slow-diminished breath,
But with persistent eloquence
Deny the waste of death.

When Heaven from the avid flame
Erects a cynosure,
Affirm that with the remnant ash
The clay is made secure.

In the last ritual for flesh
The grave is justified:
Love was not fully manifest
Until Love died.

*The Ohio State Journal. Ethel Johnston McNaught.
"Rhyme and Reason," October 21, 1937.*

AMELIA EARHART

Amelia, is it possible this is the end
Of a blazoned trail you did defend!
They built a mighty cage to scream against the wind,
You lashed and cut the breezes from within,
You floated high above the pelting rain
To reach Howland Island, but all in vain.
You scorned the heat as well as the cold;
You became an airman vigorous and bold.

I don't blame you for venturing out
To see God's beautiful world and all about,
The pale gentle moon in its far distant clime,
Has watched you from its long abode divine,
Out of the roar of traffic or sounds of the city streets,
You crossed the ocean that never printed feet,
You chose your watery distant route to fame
And made yourself a great illustrious name.

O silent sea, give up this mighty one!
Earth has a need for one who dares to run.

The stars look down through dim immensity
In search of one who has air propensity.
The nations hold a long and breathless wait
Until you're found safe within our gates.
I'll always hold a special signal
God knows we wait your coming from the regional.

The Oklahoma News. *Nicene Wisener.*
"Today's Best Poem," August 9, 1937.

A SONG FOR THE DEAD

Sing me a song, a song full of tears,
For my heart is wearied of the world's careless jeers,
And the smiles of the happy seem impertinently gay
As the dull hours fade slowly toward the close of day;
Once, the sight of daybreak brought rapture to me,
Once I could be made happy by the sound of the sea,
But the sea knells a dirge, since my love lies dead—
Deep down where no light falls on his watery bed,
And the whispering pine trees that stand on the hill
Whisper no more, but stand strangely still;
Sing to me, then, but your words must be sad
For when love is dead, one cannot feel glad.

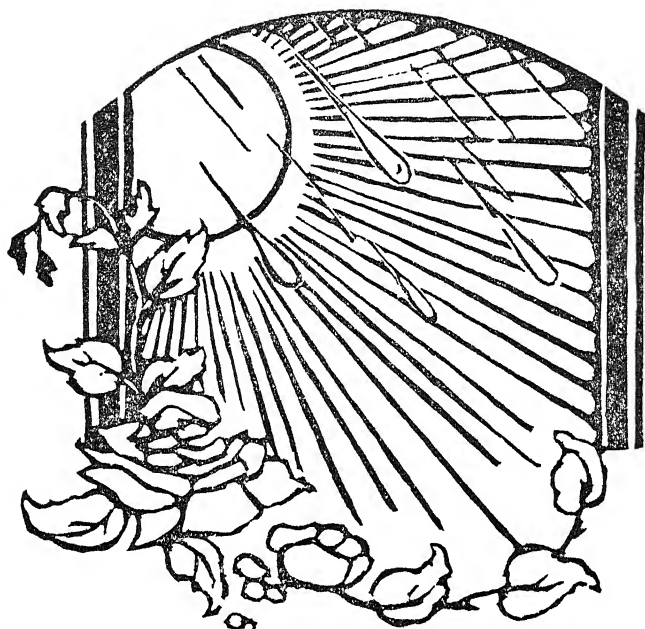
Jeannette Cushing Keller.
The Ontario (Calif.) Outlook.
"Sunset Gold," March 5, 1937.

DESIGN

I watched a lady at her knitting
Plying the needles with great care,
That the pattern of rare beauty
Show no dropped stitch anywhere.

In my life the art of living
Is more intricate and fine
If I drop a stitch 'tis harder
To retrieve the lost design.

The Ontario (Calif.) Outlook. *Bess Truitt.*
"Sunset Gold," July 2, 1937.



APRIL RAIN

(Illustrations by Marion Connelly)

The April rain, falling to the sodden earth
Like bits of molten lead, beats out a rhythm
Upon the parched recesses of my heart—
A ceaseless tom-tom which I cannot fathom.
Then suddenly the glorious sun bursts forth
And singing red birds fly from tree to tree;
A world of new-born charms are at my feet
And Spring walks forth in surging ecstasy.

The Ontario (Calif.) Outlook. Kay McCullough.
"Sunset Gold," April 16, 1937.

VERSE-MAKER

To spin the web of beauty whole,
All verse that lives must have a soul;
A motif, purpose and a theme,
Around the which to weave a dream.

For he who plays the hearts of men,
Must needs his soul put in his pen,
And then by alchemy of sage,
Transmute the same to written page.

Not many know that this is true—
That what you write is part of you.
They read your soul yet do not know,
That that is why you tremble so.

The Ontario (Calif.) Outlook. *David R. Innes.*
"Sunset Gold," June 4, 1937.

A PRAYER FOR WORK

O give me work, Lord God, with cheer
And virile strength while I am here
 To finish what is left for me
 Undone with care and constancy,
That I may know that Thou art near.

Be my reward, a word sincere,
A racing pulse, with conscience clear—
 A glimpse into Eternity!
 O give me work.

And when at last no sound I hear
From hammer stroke on listless ear,
 Nor striving winds, nor angry sea,
 Then loose my soul and set it free
To wing the blue and Thee revere,
 O give me work.

Organized Labor. *Henry Polk Lowenstein.*
September 4, 1937.

A PERFECT DAY

Do hurry, my dear, we must not be late,
The bargain sale starts precisely at eight.
Don't stop for a thing, because rain or shine,
We must see the dentist at quarter to nine.
A full day ahead—let us make haste—
You know there isn't a moment to waste.
I must not forget the modiste at ten,
From there to the bookstall, let me see, then
Oh, yes, at eleven we go to the club,
After that the masseuse for a vigorous rub,
Luncheon we'll plan to have about one,—
Ten minutes will do to keep on the run.
Again to the shops to search for antiques,
I've not bought a thing for over two weeks.
Don't let us forget that bridge is at four;
You seem to enjoy it, to me it's a bore.
We promised to call on the Highbrows at five,—
From there we will go for a forty-mile drive.
At six we can take a brisk walk in the Park,
Then hurry back home before it is dark,
Dinner at seven—we must not be late—
The opera begins at a quarter past eight.
Midnight for supper, and if we're not dead,
By two, I think, we should all be in bed.

* * *

My dear, you look tired, but surely you'll say
That this is the end of a perfect day.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. Grenville Kleiser.
"Talespins," April 8, 1937.

GRANDPA'S SQUEAKY CHAIR

Grandpa rocks in his squeaky chair
And he looks so lonely sitting there!
He doesn't talk, but there is a smile
That lights his old blue eyes awhile.
It's strange how an old man sometimes lays
Old age on the shelf for his boyhood days—
Yes, Grandpa's eyes are shining through

Just eighty years of toil, it's true;
And now, he is just a little boy
At his mother's knee with a shining toy!
The sheen of a beautiful red-ringed top
Has spun its way a hippity-hop;
And his mother presses her loving hand
On his golden curls . . . you understand
That Grandpa is barely six years old
As he rocks . . . and smiles . . . and the story's told.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. M. Schaffer Connelly.
"Talespins," November 17, 1937.

THIRD ALARM

A little while to live and love and then we pass away—
Our bodies then return to dust and mingle with the
clay.

And though the souls (if such there be), live on, they
don't reveal it;

So while we may, let's play with fire and laugh because
we feel it!

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. Alice Larson.
"Talespins," August 11, 1937.

DESERVED PITY

I, too, live where the shadows
Are stark lines on the wall;
Where pinched-faced want makes harbor,
And joy forgets to call.
But yet I know my Maker
Designed all things that are.
And whosoever trusts Him
Shall some day see a star.
No tears shall wet my lashes,
Except the tears that gleam
For some poor fellow creature
Who cannot learn to dream!

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. Sand Dune Sage.
"Talespins," July 10, 1937.

MODERNITY

Sitting in the morning,
Sitting for John Lewis,
Sitting in the noontime
And in the dewy eve;
By and by the harvest,
And the time of weeping,
There won't be no pay roll,
Nary dad-burned sheave!

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. *Vernon L. Smith.*
"Talespins," March 23, 1937.

THANKS FOR THY WORD

Where, Lord, may I find a consecration of Thy Word
In a way to satisfy the heart?
Where may I find the truth of love
But in this fair place You've set apart?
Where does peace overflow the stress of time,
And love's fragrant petals fold
About the spark of man's sweet faith
Like hammered flakes of gold?
Where but in Thy house, oh Lord?
Then let my steps be turned this way
The whole of week—that I may find
Thy roof the seventh day.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. *Zoda E. Anderson.*
"Talespins," August 16, 1937.

WHEN DUSK DESCENDS

When dusk descends
Among these ancient pines,
My heart surrenders to phantastic dreams,
A shadow lends
Its purple length and weaves designs
Of some strange yesteryear
My heart redeems.

Against this woodland silence, listening, my ear
Catches far echoes of an old refrain . . .
When dusk descends
Among these ancient pines,
I walk with you again.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. Ruby Pearl Patterson.
"Talespins," May 31, 1937.

LAST FLIGHT OF THE GRAF ZEPPELIN

(June, 1937)

Eight years she sailed above the sea and land,
A silver bird that circled swiftly where
In other lands none other thought to dare
The perils of the flight—a vision grand!

Though safely planned this voyage was her last,
To proudly soar. No more to stem the air—
A sacrifice to science, she is classed.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. Elizabeth A. Cook.
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena,"
June 27, 1937.

THE SINGING HEART

If God should say to me, as He said to one of old,
Now choose today what gifts I may impart;
I'd answer quickly, lest I ask amiss,
Lord, grant me this, give me a singing heart.

Sometimes when noise of tumult fills my ears,
When hope is faint and burning teardrops start,
A song of praise brings heaven down to earth;
And that is why I want a singing heart.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. Clara Miller Krag.
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena,"
January 17, 1937.

THE PILOT

First a hum
Then a lazy droning,
And overhead an airship riding high.

The time has passed when we could gaze
In wonder at the sight;
When we would think of danger's maze
Companioning a flight.

But can familiarity
Erase from human heart,
The thought of the grim tenacity
It takes for a pilot's part?

First a hum
Then a lazy droning,
And overhead a pilot riding high.

Gertrude Hood McCarthy.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post.

"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena,"
February 28, 1937.

VENUS

Twilight . . .
A cloudless sky . . .
In all that vast domain
One dazzling star in beauty reigns
Supreme.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post.

Kate K. Church.

"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena,"
November 28, 1937.

"GUILTY"

Thin and stooped,
Like a bough beaten too long by the wind.
Thin and stooped,
With hunger too long subdued

Staring from his eyes.
He stood before the judge
And murmured "Guilty"—
Guilty to the charge of vagrancy,
Guilty to the charge of being homeless,
Guilty to the charge of being workless.
With clinched, calloused hands, he heard the verdict.
"Three hours to leave the town."
Three hours!
Thin and stooped
He shuffled down the courtroom aisle . . .
Three hours to leave the town.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. Irene Waagé.
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena,"
December 5, 1937.

UNFATHOMED

Have you hoped beyond hope?
Have you loved beyond love?
If neither,
Then you have not sounded
The deepness of either.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. Albert W. Macy.
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena,"
October 17, 1937.

QUATRAIN

Poppies and daisies and slender wild oats,
Blooming together in a dull brass bowl
Are so full of spring you can hear the notes
Of meadow larks singing on a sun-drenched knoll.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. Ruby Robinson Wise.
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena,"
October 3, 1937.

WAR'S TORTURE CRY

The east winds moan; the east winds sigh,
Their burden is the torture-cry
Of millions, dying oversea;
The winds have caught their agony.
On perforated fields they lie

Beneath a wild, exploding sky
Where deadly griffins, warring, fly.
And bending low in sympathy
The east winds moan.

The woman-world inquires, "Why
Should we bring little ones to die
In such a place of cruelty
Where it were better not to be?"
While over all, in passing by,
The east winds moan.

*The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. Barbara Miller Smales.
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena,"
October 31, 1937.*

GIFT TO MAN

The rains have turned the desert's land,
To seas of spreading, petaled tides
That rise with lupin's purpling foam
Across the sands to mountain sides.

The poppies flash their orange gold
On waves where brilliant blossoms rest,
That undulate a fragrant mist
Beyond the drifting floral crest.

Here beauty is a sacred thing,
With April's laughter at our feet
We feel the joy of loveliness
A gift to man, divine, replete.

*The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. Nora L. Brown.
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena,"
April 25, 1937.*

VISIONS

As I'm looking into my crystal of dreams
To see all the things we've planned . . .
It mirrors reality, so it seems,
As you take me by the hand.

Across the starlit carpet of night
Enwrapped in romantic bliss . . .
While crushed to your heart in mad delight
I respond to your fervent kiss.

But tho I am here, and you're miles away,
Your aura ever gleams
Quite close to my Soul like a pulsing ray
In my crystal of mirrored dreams.

The Paterson (N. J.) Call. *Flozari Rockwood.*
"Noteworthy Poems for Your Album."

NIGHT-PIECE

When the hours of the night
No longer hurry on,
And have become blocks of eternity,
Why should I cry?
It is not my eyes that are sad
But my soul which is stripped of joy—
Yes, my soul.
It can not weep, interrupting my slumber,
But it does possess a voice that wails
Sotto voce like a far off loon
Not in cadences of loneliness
That pierce me through
With shafts that are barbed
With the emptiness and infinity
Of eternity.

Robert L. Dark, Jr.
The Paterson (N. J.) New American.
"The Literary Corner," May 13, 1937.

ACCIDENT

Straight into the heart of the sunset
We went the other night;
That slipped on the golden sunbeam—
That gleamed with burnished light.

We looked at a world in color,
Aglow with flaming hue;
But the nicest part of the sunset,
Was my falling in love with you.

Flozari Rockwood.

The Paterson (N. J.) New American.

"The Literary Corner," May 13, 1937.

DWIGHT L. MOODY*

1837—1899

He that doeth
the will of God
abideth forever.

He gave of himself in a noble way,
Serving his Master day by day,
Touching some heart that had gone astray
Far from the paths of God.

Thousands who heard him were deeply stirred,
Thrilled by the fire of the wondrous word,
Salvation for all his prayers conferred
Drawing souls close to God.

The ninety and nine were safely in,
'Twas the one lost sheep he'd strive to win.
What a wonderful life, just conquering sin,
Putting men right with God.

*The Philadelphia (Pa.) Bulletin. Charles Bancroft.
February 5, 1937.*

*Mr. Moody was born on February 5, 1837. The scripture verse is on the simple headstone which marks his grave at Northfield Seminary.

TOKEN

I thought you broke
Death's silence while I slept.
I heard my name
Called down a distant stair;
And when I woke
The long, white fingers of the moon,
With love's familiar stroke,
Fell on my hair.

*The Plainfield (N. J.) Courier-News. Irene Wilde.
"Echoes," July 17, 1937.*

LIGHT

"And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness
comprehended it not." St. John 1-5.)

Light in a world where darkness reigns!
And in the angry roar
Of murderous shells—where crimson stains
The harvest fields of war!

Light in a world where lust and crime
Create each darkened day,
And, shadowing the great dial of time,
Sin holds unceasing sway.

Light in a world where gloom has spread
Upon each groping mind,
Where hope has failed, and doubt has led
The faithless and the blind.

Yes! by that light men's wounds are healed,
And through its searching power,
The night of evil stands revealed,
With death its appointed hour!

*Mary Althea Woodward.
The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian.
June 6, 1937.*

AFTER THE STORM

"Do you remember the willows that quivered
And shook with the wind that blew over the lake,
How we drew close together beneath them, and shivered
With cold, and with fear of the storm in its wake?"

"I seem to recall we had drifted apart,
And the storm that I feared was the storm in my
heart."

"Do you remember the rain and the thunder
That silenced our voices with rumble and roar,
And the lightning that bludgeoned the heavens asunder
With crimsoning branches, and lit up the shore?"

"Here, happy and safe, I remember but this:
The mixture of tears and of rain, in our kiss."

The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian. Thirza J. Martin.
"*Oregonian Verse*," August 15, 1937.

IDEAL

There is a woman waiting wherever a fire
Lifts its scarlet plumes from a clean-swept grate,
A lovely woman fashioned from some desire
Born in the mind of man.
At the garden gate
Or framed in a homey window a woman stands
Watching the highway as women have always stood,
Holding a child, perhaps, in her mother hands.
And man for his own completeness has found it good
To vision her there, a loyal, adoring mate.
No matter her form, a woman has always seemed
To body a man's ideal.
The women wait,
And, waiting, are part of the glory that man has
dreamed.

The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian. Edith Cherrington.
"*Oregonian Verse*," January 10, 1937.

COPPER HELMETS

From the road there is no hint of desolation;
The trash-filled cellar hole and crumbling wall
Are hidden by a host of tiger lilies,
Entrenched by the moss-choked spring till stanch and
tall,
Driving attacking weeds from out the garden,
They march and take possession of the yard.
The years which brought destruction to the homestead,
Repentant send these regiments; a guard
To loyally protect the hearthstone's secret
And shield from invading foot and curious stare—
This army wearing burnished copper helmets—
Gallant and brave as smiles which mask despair.

Ethel Fairfield White.

The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian.

"Oregonian Verse," September 5, 1937.

APOLOGY

I sing of little, common things:
The thorn tree, white in May;
The morning bar of rose through winter trees;
Quiet brooks that slip away
Beneath the alder roots; for these
Have made my life; spread out my spirit's wings.

The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian.

Iona Myers.

"Oregonian Verse," May 2, 1937.

LITTLE GHOST

A step on the stair, a scratch at the door . . .
Hush! . . . Little ghost-dog has been here before.

Many a time I have felt him sneak
Shadow-like. Afraid to speak

I have caught my breath and wondered if he,
My faithful old pal, intuitively,

Would pad-a-pad-pad around my chair,
Seeking his god and his heaven there.

Silent as midnight gliding through . . .
This ghost of a love incredibly true.

*The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian. Anne M. Robinson.
"Oregonian Verse."*

PERTINENT QUERY

What may the heart feed on today,
The curd extracted from hope's whey;
Faith's sweet marrow turned to pith;
Art the substance of a myth;
Labor trickling from a tap,
So much predigested pap?
What may the starved heart feed on now,
Harvests mortgaged on the bough?
With conventions overthrown,
Not even wild oats may be sown!

*The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian. Ethel Romig Fuller.
May 9, 1937.*

ROSE JAR

Loveliness shall come to me across the years,
This I know as truly as unfaltering dawn,
As blowing roses with the rain's soft tears
Have answered each swift season, and have gone.

Loveliness shall come . . . I need not travel far,
New roses spill rich petals at my feet,
And with old memories I place them in a jar . . .
New fragrance makes old fragrance doubly sweet.

*Nell Griffith Wilson.
The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian.
"Oregonian Verse," December 26, 1937.*

WIND, RAIN AND SUN

The wind is full of laughter
At those who're coming after
Unmindful of the trap-falls
In life's bewildering halls.

The rain is full of weeping
For all the future's keeping
Within her hidden veils—
Her unborn, tragic tales.

The sun is full of gladness
Erasing all the sadness
For earth-born ones who'll find
That life and friends are kind.

Lura Thomas McNair.

The Raleigh (N. C.) News and Observer.

AND IF YOU LAUGH

The wrinkles round her jolly eyes
Were caused from tales she told
To make you laugh a merry laugh
About the days of old

When Grandpa took his fishing pole,
One lovely summer day,
And chased his lazy hens up hill
And down to make them lay;

Of how her neighbor, fractious Jim,
Would say: "I'm going to kill
Your honey bees if they light on
My buckwheat on the hill,"

And stand and watch for them to come,
And when they did (the fun!)
He'd aim and shoot away at them
With his old army gun.

She has fun-wrinkles round her eyes
From telling old time tales,
And if you laugh you'll have them too—
It never, never fails.

Nellie S. Richardson.

The Rutland (Vt.) Herald.
"Perigrinations," September, 1937.

AUTUMN GRIEF

The elm outside my window
Now droops her head and grieves,
Stretching bare, brown arms
To gather up her leaves.

In sheer desperation
She watched them slowly fall,
For dry, crisp leaves were better
Than to have no clothes at all.

The Salt Lake Tribune.
October 10, 1937.

Sheila O'Neill.

DARK SEA

A dark sea groaned,
The waves heaved high
And spewed upon the sand
A pink conch shell,
An anemone spray,
And a corpse six days off land.

A woman found
The pink conch shell,
A child the anemone spray,
While four grim men
With a sailcloth shroud
Carried the corpse away.

The Salt Lake Tribune.
September 19, 1937.

Maude Blixt Trone.

ME AND MY HOE

Some folk sing of love and life and ships upon the
 sea:
And some folk sing of cities, and winds so wild and
 free;
And others sing of wars, and men of flame, and valorous
 deeds;
But I sing a song that has no end,
When I am hoeing weeds.
Swish, swish, tra-la-la,
Begins the rhapsody—
Oh, what a lovely song we sing,
My hoe and me.

The hoe sings of the good earth, and grubs and worms,
 and rains;
And I sing of the breeze and of the fertile plains.
Together we sing of the birds and bees and lovely
 things that grow,
And we harmonize together as we march on down the
 row.
Swish, swish, la-la-de,
As we go down the row—
Oh, what a happy song we sing,
Me and my hoe.

The Salt Lake Tribune.
October 31, 1937.

Roberta Bates.

PALACE OR SHACK

We choose a design that is wholly our own,
But the worth of our dwelling cannot be shown
By the gorgeous rooms in its spacious wings
Or the costly carpets and furnishings.

The world we inhabit can hardly be
A matter of simple geography,
For people who live on the selfsame street
May be so foreign they'll never meet.

In the midst of plenty one soul will starve;
Another, from little, rare homes will carve.
Some build with tools of keenest thought
While others but camp on a vacant lot.

At the price of struggle are workmen paid,
Out of unwarped timber are mansions made,
And though we may live on the beaten track
We can build for ourselves a squalid shack,

Or a princely palace—its form correct
Minutely the product of intellect,
With ample supplies that will let us feed
Improvident souls with a lesser creed.

The Salt Lake Tribune. *Edward R. Tuttle.*
"Senator From Sandpit," October 14, 1937.

PRAYER IN REPENTANCE

I have sinned, Lord . . . Now I pray . . .
Give me strength to live this day.
Of this anguish and this sorrow
Let me build a strong tomorrow.
Sift the chaff and scan the dross
Till I realize my loss,
And, realizing, start aright
With wiser courage, new and bright;
In these tears and black regret
Let me find some solace yet.
Swallow tears and strangle heartache;
Stiffen spine, and with a smile take
Up the burden of still living.
Grant thy blessing by forgiving;
Let me work and never cease
Till, at length, I may find peace.

I have sinned, Lord, but I pray
Give me strength to live this day.

The Salt Lake Tribune. *Helen C. Couchner.*
October 17, 1937.

VALIANT

For every pang and pain, I thank Thee, Lord,
Remembering one virgin heart pierced by a sword—

Knowing the sharp tool must attack the marble's verge
Before the Saint's graved lineaments at length emerge—

That metal in the crucible is tried by fire
Ere the gold chalice can contain the world's Desire.

I would not have a craven soul, but I would be
Smiling and valiant, even to Calvary.

The Salt Lake Tribune.
January 3, 1937.

Maud Chegwidden.

'THE MIGHTY TASK IS DONE'

At last the mighty task is done;
Resplendent in the western sun,
The bridge looms mountain high;
Its Titan piers grip ocean floor,
Its great steel arms link shore with shore,
Its towers pierce the sky.

On its broad decks in rightful pride,
The world in swift parade shall ride,
Throughout all time to be;
Beneath, fleet ships from every port,
Vast landlocked bay, historic fort,
And dwarfing all—the sea.

To north, the Redwood Empire's gates;
To south, a happy playground waits,
In rapturous appeal;
Here Nature, free, since time began,
Yields to the restless moods of Man,
Accepts his bonds of steel.

Launched 'midst a thousand hopes and fears,
Damned by a thousand hostile seers,
Yet ne'er its course was stayed;

But ask of those who met the foe,
Who stood alone when faith was low,
Ask them the price they paid.

Ask of the steel, each strut and wire,
Ask of the searching, purging fire,
That marked their natal hour;
Ask of the mind, the hand, the heart,
Ask of each single stalwart part,
What gave it force and power.

An honored cause and nobly fought,
And that which they so bravely wrought,
Now glorifies their deed;
No selfish urge shall stain its life,
Nor envy, greed, intrigue, nor strife,
Nor false, ignoble creed.

High overhead its lights shall gleam,
Far, far below life's restless stream,
Unceasingly shall flow,
For this was spun its lithe fine form
To fear not war, nor time, nor storm,
For Fate had meant it so.

*The San Francisco (Calif.) News. Joseph B. Strauss.
May 26, 1937.*

A FATHER'S WAY

A man must often walk the quiet way,
Of daily duty on a common street;
No crown of laurel placed upon his brow,
No winged sandals bound upon his feet;
And every youthful dream of his may fade,
Absorbed by years that change their coloring,
Until the last of Winter's feathered snow,
Has covered every evidence of Spring.

Not all may wander to and fro at will,
And not to every man comes wealth or fame;
But strong men earn the right to live and love,
And leave behind a clear and honored name;

And such men build a home, and find a mate
To work beside them till their day is done,
Expecting no reward, unless it be
The blessing of a daughter and a son.

And he who watched your growth with tender pride,
Content to play his undramatic part,
Your father,—one who walked the quiet way,—
Deserves a tribute from a loyal heart.
He sought no honor for himself alone,
Of all he had he gave you equal share,
And all he asked was that you keep unstained
His father's name,—the name you also bear.

Eugenia T. Finn.

The Santa Rosa (Calif.) Press Democrat.
June 20, 1937.

A MOTHER SPEAKS

I would have shielded you from every shadow,
My curving body longed to be your wall;
But now I know that never thus protected
Could you have grown to stature, strong and tall.

I would have begged you not to climb the mountain,
But find a place upon some tethered hill;
Though hills cling close to earth, and only mountains
Can offer cloud-rimmed summits, high and still.

And often I have watched a swirl of water
Rise up against you like a foam-flecked horde;
Or wakened by the thunder's sullen menace,
Have feared your breast might feel the sky's sharp
sword.

Oh, words can never tell my heart's deep anguish,
Nor any song convey the joy I've known!
The wine of unshed tears gave me the courage
To stand aside—and let you walk alone.

Eugenia T. Finn.

The Santa Rosa (Calif.) Press Democrat.
May 9, 1937.

JILTED

From heights of bliss to deep despair
My joy, eclipsed, I buried there.
Beset by passion's hideous form,—
I never knew so wild a storm;
Or that life held such fearful tests,
Such fires burned in mortal breasts.
Though weary of the night-long fray
Yet dread I more the coming day,
And days and years that must be met
With hidden pain and features set.

To banishment I would agree,
And count prison a luxury;
For I must curse what others bless
Remembering my happiness.
No balm can soothe, no ointment ease,
No science combat my disease;
Nor surgeon's skill nor healer's art
Can mend a bruised and broken heart.

*The St. Cloud (Minn.) Times. Albert Henrikson.
"Worth While Verse," June 18, 1937.*

SOME FOR THE LOAVES

'Man does not live by bread alone . . . ' he said
To lifted faces pale and dull with doubt.
Of what avail to give these Truth, when all
Their empty bellies called for meat and bread?

And yet he saw the pure and perfect child
Behind this wall of flesh, eager to learn,
Although reluctant to forsake the old.
' . . . ah, suffer it to be so now,' he smiled.

Assuring them that every earthly need
's met, he blessed and multiplied the bread
And fish until they all were filled. "A prince!"
They cried. "A miracle is wrought indeed!"

They pressed upon him — called him, "Master!"
"Good!"

And followed him across the hills and plain!
Some for the loaves—and some because he smiled,
And one or two because they understood.

The St. Cloud (Minn.) Times. Nan Fitz-Patrick.
"Worth While Verse," June 24, 1937.

THE MAGIC BRUSH

What is the Woman's Club? A magic brush
That paints new colors in the gray of lives;
Haloes the darkness, speeds the dawn; derives
The glory tints from dull tones; gilds the hush
Of that symbolic dawn when girlhood slips
Into the limbo of remembered dreams
And budded womanhood, in blooming, seems
To blossom forth with eager parted lips.

The Woman's Club fills in the full-blown time
With "Light that never was on sea nor land;"
With bracing breezes (hearts that understand)
It changes sweets of youth to tarts of lime
That add to life a poignancy and zest
And paints life's afterglow upon the west.

Margarette Ball Dickson.
The St. Cloud (Minn.) Times.
"Worth While Verse," September 1, 1937.

FRIEND

Should I ever find you as the buds that blow,
Giving passing beauty that must die, I know
You would leave me longing, yearning yet for you—
Still, I would be happy that our friendship grew.
I would ask compassion from my guiding-star,
Only truest blessings for you where you are,
I should dream in silence with a heart that bore
But a sweet remembrance of a love that lived no more.

The St. Cloud (Minn.) Times. Clara A. Clausen.
"Worth While Verse," November 12, 1937.

VENTURING ALONE

There are many to sail the golden days
When they walk on the upper deck,
But their spirits fail when the wind delays
And they think of the rocks that wreck.

There are many to share the starry night
With the moon like a silver shield,
But few will dare—not a star in sight,
With their trust in the unrevealed.

There are many to go where the brave have gone
And returned with a golden crown;
There are many to buckle their armor on
For a touch of some bright renown.

But to venture alone in the cloud and smoke
Of a fiery mountain peak,
And to write on a stone with the Spirit's yoke,
You must know that a God will speak.

The St. Cloud (Minn.) Times. *Alfred J. Davis.*
"Worth While Verse," June 5, 1937.

TRIFLES

It's the oft forgotten trifles
That make of life a whole,
The oneness of completion
That attains a perfect goal.
It's not the single strands
In a cable's mighty length
But a thousand steely bands
That give it super-strength.
And thus the skein of life is spun
On trifle's patterned whole,
The building of a character,
The welding of a soul.

The St. Helena (Calif.) Star. *Charles H. Greenfield.*
August 20, 1937.

RAILROADER'S SONG

Some for the lure of the city light
Where the bells in the church towers sound
But me for the train
Sweeping over the plain
Like wind over frozen ground.

The waves may roar on some distant shore
And the wind may blow a gale
But I find my need
In the roll and speed
Of a train on an iron rail.

John Allison Haining.

The St. Paul (Minn.) Farmer.
"Poetry of the Northwest."

SEARCH REWARDED

I sought, and not in vain
For life's most noble gesture;
I found it,
In Service.

The St. Paul (Minn.) Farmer. *Rudy Schmidt.*
"Poetry of the Northwest," May 9, 1937.

APRIL SOWING

Again how good the earthy smell
Of green things growing,
Of gentle rain on stubbled fields,
And softer breezes blowing.

Again I run behind the plow
My bare feet knowing
The furrow's warmth, the grubworm's bed,
Still damp with winter's snowing.

Again my rainbowed pot of gold
Lies overflowing,
I lay aside my cloak of years
And run with April sowing.

Mabel Natalie Ericksen.

The St. Paul (Minn.) Farmer.

WRAITH

A half-remembered song, re-echoing
Along the aisles of cloistered memories;
Elusive as a swallow on the wing,
A tuft of thistledown upon the breeze.
The melody once lingered on my lips,
Once every word was molded on my tongue;
But, as the spirit of the night, that slips
To rest before dawn, the song—unsung—
Has long since vanished. I have wandered through
Dim trails in far Cathay, in Istanbul;
Have listened for it in the muted sound
Of violins across a moonlit pool.
And then one day I caught the wraith. I found
The incarnation of the song in you.

John Judson Haining.

The St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer Press.
January 6, 1937.

WORDS

A ploughman says that words
Are old leaves drifting
Into the air; a frail sound heard,
As leaves are heard
When they go swirling downward,
Or hover like a questing bird.

Yet I believe that words go on forever.
A lovely one will always glow.
The words of beauty in their true proportion
Develop slender roots and grow.

But ugly words and bitter words have talons
They pierce and tear a soul apart,
And ever after leave a scar that widens
And slowly breaks a gentle, trusting heart.

The Seattle (Wash.) Star.
"Seattle Stardust."

Ina Draper DeFoe.

PATIENCE

Patience is a quaker maid
Who cannot be upset.
When things are found to be delayed
Her quiet thoughts regret
That all is not in readiness,
But—stop, and rest, and pray;
The strength of soul is steadiness.
She smoothes her dress of gray.
Surely haste is wicked form—
The devil hurries so.
Patience is a quaker maid
Who smiles as minutes go.

The Seattle (Wash.) Star.
August 14, 1937.

Helen Maring.

ONLY A KISS

Corn, and the breath of summer,
Tassels and swinging ears,
Dew, and an insect drummer,
Fate, and a lover's tears,
Hope, and a rainbow spanning
A corner of quiet sky,
Stars, and a moon-gust fanning
The spark of a clinging sigh.

Plains, and a nameless longing
For a face beyond the peaks,
Fancies, like comets, thronging,
A dream that mutely speaks;
Splashing of fish in a river—
Stream of my boyhood bliss—
Out of the spaces a shiver,
Up from the soul—a kiss.

What, though I meet half hearted
Tasks that the crowd esteem,
What, though from faith I'm parted,
Losing its cheering beam—

This be my key to heaven—
Why, O God, should I miss,
I, unto whom it was given
To know all things in—a kiss?

Stars, and the pageant ages,
Satellites, each on its trail,
Poets and priests and sages,
And flame and torrent and hail,
Love, and a sweetheart singing,
Saints, and the thrills they miss,
Triumph from failure winging,
Eternity—life—a kiss.

The Sioux City (Iowa) Journal. Will Chamberlain.

I IRON MY MOTHER'S TABLECLOTH

The linen cloth smells damp and sweet;
The rose in the pattern grows with heat,
And blossoms full in woven gloss
As my warm iron glides across.

The magic iron gives a lovely shine
To the linen Rose and its Twining Vine.

From dimming years gay scenes return,—
With sparkling crystal where tapers burn,
My mother's face and banded hair,—
A happy family gathering there.

The magic iron gives a lovely shine
To the linen Rose and its Twining Vine.

And love which has no hint of tears
Restores for me the vanished years,
A mother's smile—a daughter's troth—
In the sheen of her linen tablecloth.

The Tacoma News-Tribune. Ethelyn Miller Hartwich.
"Washington Verse," May 8, 1937.

POTATO BLOSSOMS

She wore potato blossoms in her hair—
A royal princess, when she made her bow
Before a king—for then the blooms were rare;
And though one smiles to hear the story now
Yet sometimes by the star-decked vines, I vow
That in the world there are few flowers more fair.

The Tacoma News-Tribune. Vera Molle
"Washington Verse," June 26, 1937.

BALANCE

And these—the earth, the sky, and sea,
United make a cryptic three;
The earth—a trammelled path of fray;
The sky, a visionary way;
The moving sea, a flux to hold
Reality and dreams within a mold.

Emma Bradfield
The Tacoma (Wash.) News and Tribune.
"Washington Verse," July 31, 1937.

I COULD CATCH STARS

If I could tune my heart to catch the shrill
Bright music that the April wind is playing,
Or learn the secret of the greening hill
That leaf by leaf the willows are betraying;
If I could catch the drowsy song of June
And save one note against the winter's coming,
To breathe its warmth into the darker tune
Of frozen vines to mute the north wind's humming;
If I could keep the sensuous saraband
October plays, to speed the pulse of dreaming
Or bear its beauty like a burning brand,
A plume of scarlet flame behind me streaming—
Then I could tear the barriers apart,
I could catch stars and wear them on my hair

Josephine Ingran
The Tacoma (Wash.) News-Tribune.
"Washington Verse, May 1, 1937.

LONGING

O that my soul could be
A bird winging high and free
Trilling a symphony;
Bright-winged, and without care,
Soaring, I know not where,
Blithesome, in sun-drenched air.

Sophia A. Preston.

The Tacoma (Wash.) News-Tribune.

"Washington Verse," April 10, 1937.

BIRCH TREES

Still stand the birch trees, slender, tall,
Like ghostly wings among the hills?
And do the aspens form a wall
Quick quivering when evening spills
Its loveliness? In haunted sleep
The faintly drooping lilacs blend
Their fragrances when cool rains weep?
And do the rivers freshly spend
Their laughter to reflect in streams
Bright moon, swift stars, the afterglow
Of young and tender sparkling dreams?
And do the maples early show?

Ah, tell me true, who long to hush
Palmetto song and too-warm winds.
In this rich air, in land so lush
With scarlet blossoms, heat that blinds,
I only know I want to lean
My heart against the wings I've lost
And catch adown the wind, the clean
And curious scent of early frost.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. Miriam Rothschild.

"The Gulf Gleam," March 20, 1937.

REBELLION

I have not looked on sorrow all these years
To fail to read the anguish in your eyes,
To know that close behind that look there lies
A cruel forcing back of soothing tears.
What undulating, wearing weight of fears
Makes you fling down your sword, what love defies
Your winning, and what ancient faith denies
Your right to challenge him who interferes?
Who knows but that your flagrant discontent
Is an unconscious reaching after praise,
That when the passion and the pain are spent
Your hard-earned wisdom will administer
A solace so secure that you will raise
Your hand to grasp a new Excalibur.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. *Mary Alef Sparks.*
"The Gulf Gleam," November 5, 1937.

THE OLIVE TREE

Once Adam picked my fruit and tended me
As Eve stood near and looked across the lea.

A dove once plucked my leaf and Noah found
The waters were abating from the ground.

The Israelites loved Canaan, there I grew
And lovers sought my shade to dream and woo.

Within Gethsemane the Saviour wept
Beneath my limbs, while His disciples slept.

And later on I watched Him crucified—
I wish I might have hid my face and cried;

But when He rolled the massive stone away
I never knew my spirit feel so gay;

I rendered thanks because I was a tree
Whose leaves of silvered-white He liked to see!

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. *Lynn Russell.*
"The Gulf Gleam," November 2, 1937.

TO ROSALIND, IN RAIN

Now dark rain drips
From long, low eaves . . .
I think of copra ships
And rain on mango leaves . . .
Remembering, Rosalind,
Torrential tropic rain.
My dear, do you remember
A drooping tamarind
Upon the Spanish Main,
And clouds of last November?

Along Truxillo Bay
The sand is soft and brown,
And all the night and day
The rain was driving down.
Beside a sullen sea
We waited for our yawl—
We waited wearily,
The nimbus cloud a pall.
The jacaranda tree . . .
My Rosalind, recall
My utter loneliness,
The mountains lost in mist,
The dampness of your dress,
The way our wet lips kissed,
The casuarinas bent,
The rustling coco palms,
The wet, green scent—
The solace of your arms . . .
The dull and mournful roar
Of surf on distant reef
The cruel Carib shore—
Your kisses' quick relief . . .

Today the slim bamboo
Is bent again in rain;
Once more I think how you
Last year relieved my pain.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. Philip E. Barney.
"The Gulf Glean," August 1, 1937.

SHAKESPEARE

How would thy pen have burned into the heart
The story of immortal love so true!
With very gold have tipped each fiery dart
And dimmed the love of e'en a Montague.
In all the world none has thy skill to part
Art's treasured words; nor eloquence to sue,
When erring steps have caused the world to start,
For pity and for understanding too.

But thou art gone: all other pens are still;
And yet the fateful story of a king
Who stepped down from the greatest throne at will
Must live forever, though no poet sing;
For thou alone, of all who lived could write
The loyalty and faith of England's knight.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. Nellie M. Peagler
"The Gulf Gleam," April 24, 1937.

SPRING IN VIRGINIA

A late snow crowns my native hills
And all my homesick being thrills
To their majestic loveliness!
Small pines are like a fluted hem
About their feet; a diadem
Of silver stars rests through the nights
Above their rounded, lofty heights.
How gently hands of memory press . . .
I see green mountain laurel; fern;
And soon the red-bud trees will burn
With crimson fires; the dogwood bloom
Like candles, clustered, in a room;
And rhododendron's waxy flowers
Will dial dear remembered hours.
And on some hill, today, I know
Arbutus blooms beneath the snow!

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. Virginia Eator.
"The Gulf Gleam," April 14, 1937.

NOCTURNAL QUESTION

Now breaks the moon through clouds of purple haze
Shaming the stars with its resplendent light . . .
Two silent birds resume their nestward flight,
And winds begin to tell of winter days
To nodding trees that catch the moon's green glaze . . .
Shrill insect voices scold the stoic night,
While on the bay, the waves (in helmets bright)
March shoreward in a phosphorescent blaze . . .
This scene suits contemplation very well,
For all this loveliness assaults the brain;
But what of those who live within the hell
Of city poverty and factory strain?
For them, this beauty works no magic spell
Wracked as they are with want and social pain . . .

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. George Kayton.
"The Gulf Gleam," November 21, 1937.

ELUSIVE

Ages and ages hence when you
Are dead, if I still harbor breath,
However far, I'll come to view
Your final reticence of death.

And I will strive in great despair
To solve the riddle of your art
Of keeping with a casual air
The secret secret of your heart.

Behind your unrevealing eyes,
(Oh, grudge me not this final grace!)
But even now I can surmise
The veiled remoteness of your face.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. Dorothy Davis.
"The Gulf Gleam," July 25, 1937.

It was such a quiet room.
Here grandame's ancient wheel and loom
Held tales forgotten, long since sung.
An old oak's laden branches swung,
Like faint staccato of the rain,
Its tapping leaves on leaded pane.
Old sea-chests and the trunk-locks' rust
Lay covered with fine silt of dust
With melancholy air, diffused
Mute testimonies of disuse.

Resting upon a sagged faldstool,
I marked Time's flight illusion, cruel
My forebears trooped by, one by one,
Pale phantoms of departed suns.
This was a treasured, well-loved place
With seared grey lines upon its face
Where twisted starlight's flickering light
Played shadowed trickery at night.
A worsted motto on the wall
"By Faith and Valor" wove its call.

Tracing brave saga of my strain
And fortified by that refrain,
Refreshed, I took my way again.

Florence Ralston Werunn

The Toronto Globe and Mail.
August 4, 1937.

A TRAMP READS A ROAD-SIGN

A hundred miles to Exeter,
And ten to Monterey—
But it matters not the road I choose,
With a thick fog either way
That drips upon my sodden pack
And blinds my reddened eyes—
My heart as dull and cold as the mist
That hangs from the leaden skies.

A hundred miles to Exeter,
And ten to Monterey—
Who cares? Not one at either end
To say goodbye or stay.
A hundred miles? . . . Yes, Exeter!
It will be better so,
For it matters not whether east or west
When a man has no place to go.
And the farther I walk, the farther I'll be
From the thing I left behind . . .
When you're running away from something that's
dead,
It is only the miles that are kind!
The Township Register. *Gladys Williamson.*

I FOLLOW THEE TO CALVARY

I follow Thee to Calvary,
My Jesus. Penitent
I kiss the cross, Thy shoulders, bruised,
Under its burden bent.

My will is Thine. O keep me close
With fervor to behold
Thy pleading face. What matters all
The wealth earth may unfold?

Thy holy robe is stained with blood
By thorns and lash released.
Good Jesus, Savior, Living God,
Would that Thy torments ceased!

Fainting, Thou fallest to the ground.
Thy Mother shareth with Thee
The torture of each bleeding wound
Man's dark iniquity.

The cross is raised. In mockery
They crown Thee Israel's King,
Calling: His blood come over us!
When blessings Thou wouldst bring.

Thy face is wan in cruel pain;
Thy hands by nails are torn;
Thy heart pierced for the sins of man;
Thy weary soul forlorn.

* * *

Humbly I kneel before Thy tomb.
My trembling soul, behold
Thy Savior's form, pitiful, numb,
Good Shepherd of His fold.

He gave His life that we may know
In Him shall live again
The mighty, lofty, and the low—
O wondrous love for men!

The Wanderer.

Helen Lethert Meier.

March 4, 1937.

THE MAIL COMES IN

The shapeless faded bulk
Of the mail-sack
Is as a ship returning
From far ports.
The cargo
Thin sheets of paper,
Packed with love and tragedy.
"Father is dead."
"I have a job."
"We are through . . . forever."
"Bob proposed" . . .
Hope and despair;
Hate and encouragement,
Laughter and tears . . .
Sharing the musty darkness
Of a canvas bag.
Wind in the billowing sails
Brightens one candle;
Blows out another.
Will it glow once more
In the smoke-stained saucer
Of hope?

Margarette Ball Dickson

The Westside (Iowa) Journal.

PIONEERS

They sought a land where they could live
In plenty and in peace, with freedom from the thrusts
Of winter's icy spears. They found the place—
A happy land with fertile soil, where they
Could live and serve the world. Stout hearts they
were,

With courage to endure the hardships
That must come to pioneers. No faltering theirs,
But steadfast zeal and forward-looking eyes.

*The Whittier (Calif.) News. Edith Emily Smith.
May 11, 1937.*

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I express my appreciation and obligation to the following editors, publishers, and authors for the material used in this book.

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